

6d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9 1952

6d

PUNCH



APRIL

9
1952

Vol. CCXXII
No. 5816



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



-but for the crispest biscuits
say
M&D

Made by MEREDITH & DREW LTD LONDON

CVS 58



Maximum controlled retail
prices: 33/9 per bottle, 17/7
per half bottle.

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the international
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Distillaries: London, Toronto, U.S.A., Melbourne, South America, South Africa.

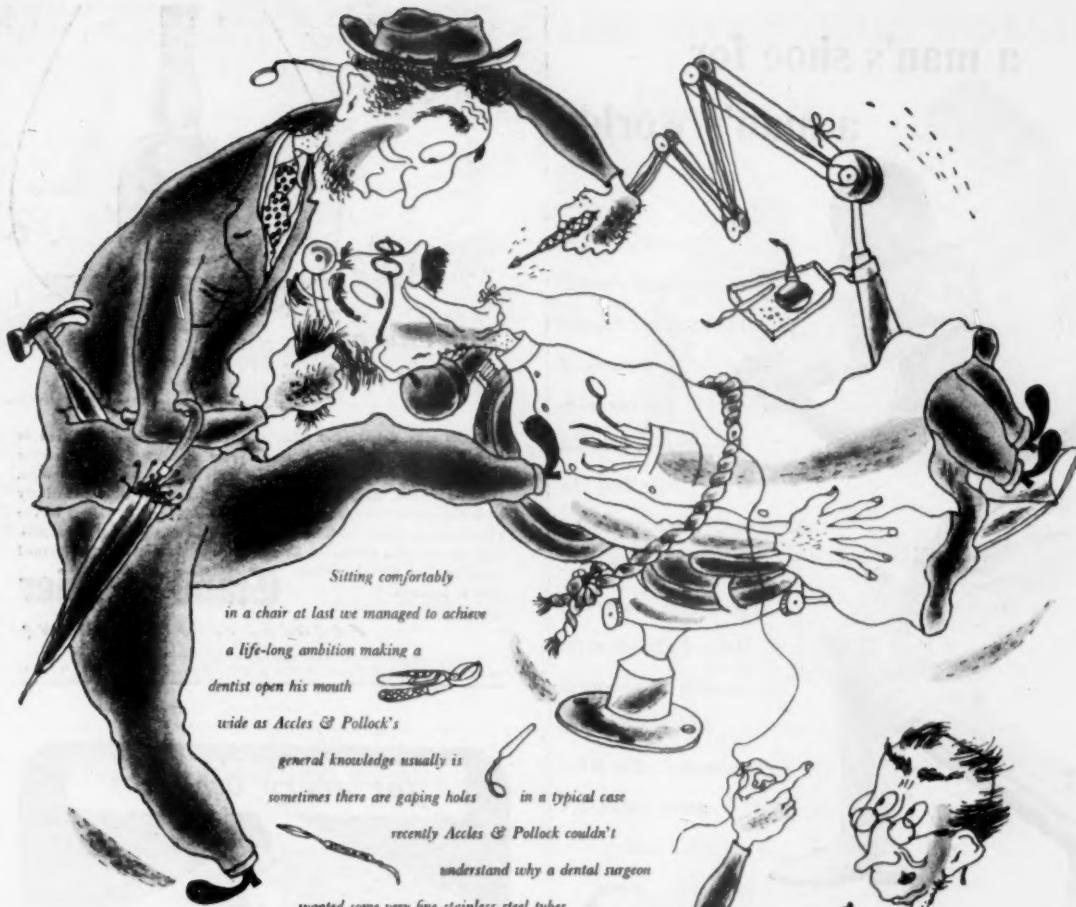
Godiva TRAILER PUMPS

QUENCHED THE FIRES OF WAR

Godiva, the fire-fighting equipment that so rapidly earned a nation-wide reputation for efficiency, owes its success to the policy of continued specialization and development by

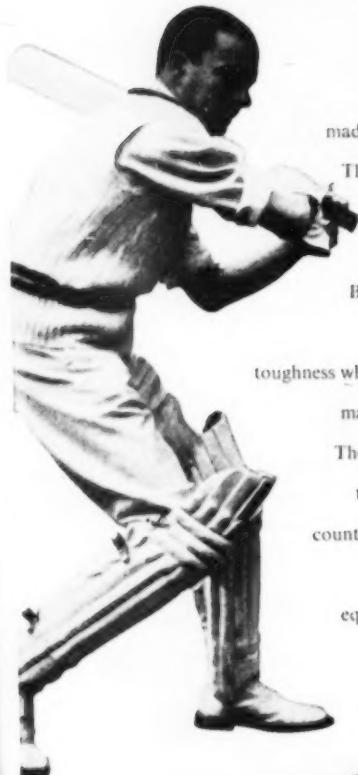
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ENGINES LTD. COVENTRY

BACKED BY 40 YEARS OF ENGINE BUILDING



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is the title of a book published by Accles & Pollock
which will be sent to anybody who is
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a man's shoe for a man's world



Dolcis shoes are made for a man's world. They have the strength of character that men like. Beneath their polished style there is a toughness which comes from good materials soundly sewn. Theirs is the quality that takes the rough of the country with the smooth of the city with equal equanimity. The prices are as low as 45/-.



"MALVERN"
a well-designed no-cap
Gibson shoe for country and sport.
Strong tan calf and robust
crepe soles. Sizes 6-11— 61.9.



AT DOLCIS SHOE STORES
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



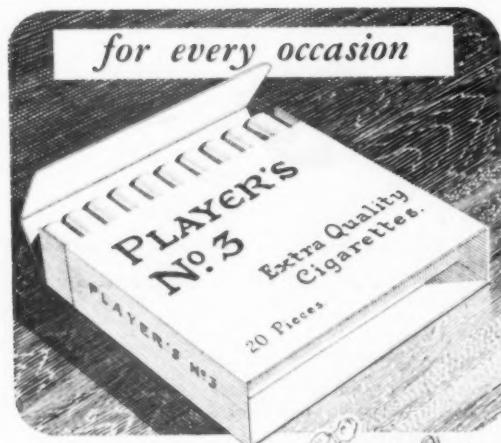
The end of a perfect dinner

DINERS may debate the relative virtues of sweet or dry, red or white, of noted names and classic years. But when dinner is over and coffee served, Grand Marnier is acclaimed by men and women, old and young. Here is France's finest liqueur, made exclusively with Cognac brandy, long matured in the deep rock cellars of the Charente—a drink with the unmistakable qualities of greatness. The flavour and aroma of Grand Marnier do not call for learned homilies, but for something akin to homage.

Grand Marnier

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR

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SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



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Richard Murdoch says . . .



not too little

not too much

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STICK 1/3



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When they met for a friendly pow-wow,
The brave on the left muttered "How!"
He received the reply,
"Blue Gillette you should try.
For fast, easy shaving, start now!"



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20-BLADE DISPENSER 5/4

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Blue Gillette Blades

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hard to hold



Ways and Means...

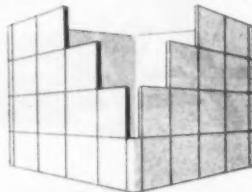
There are several ways of achieving and maintaining an adequate water supply. In some countries the "plumbing" halts at the well and earthenware pitcher, whilst nowhere can the local wise men find anything to surpass the all-round convenience of the Mather & Platt Cast Iron Storage Tank and such pipework as

may be necessary.

Although M. & P. tanks can be built to hold many thousands of gallons they are all constructed from standard plates, each unit being as easily handled as the earthenware vessel of the ancient carrier.

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**Cast Iron
STORAGE
TANKS**



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leave it to the sea-lion who is an expert.

Darlington 85% Magnesia will enable you to strike the right balance between fuel consumption and heat loss. Our group Technical Division can prepare a scheme for you which will save up to 90% of waste heat.

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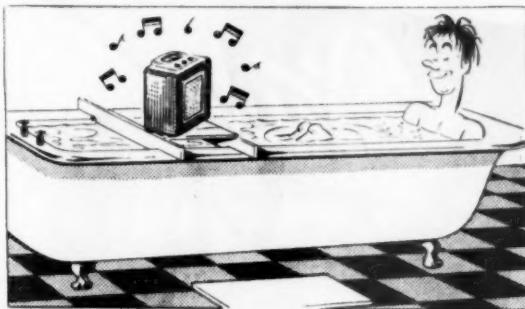
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It matters

MATERIALLY*



*how you choose
your bedding!*

It is a mistake to imagine that comfort is all that matters in the choice of bedding. There is health and hygiene to consider. It is a wise plan always to see the "Curled Hair" tag on any mattress you buy — that is your safeguard.

★ CURLED HAIR is a natural material which ensures hygiene, comfort and economy to a degree which no manufactured upholstery filling can match. It retains body heat but allows humidity to escape by perfect self-ventilation, is "non-sweat" and odourless; does not crumble, break-up or lose its resilience or springiness in years of use and is non-inflammable. It can be re-sterilised whenever necessary. There is no other filling, however expensive which can qualify in all these tests.



Insist on CURLED HAIR for health and hygiene

CVS-57

Treasure Hunt



It is not surprising, with so many people treasure-hunting these days, that you may have a deal of searching to do for a Barrie creation. These beautiful garments, of course, the natural choice of men and women whose possessions reflect their appreciation of good things. As with all such treasures, Barrie knitwear is expensive for it is the finest Cashmere, Shetland, and real Lambswool are used in the Barrie mills, and the best is rarely the cheapest. While the pattern goes the traditional skill of Hawick craftsmen—skilled hands attending tiny details. While people overseas continue to demand more of the best in knitwear, it is regretted that home buyers must remain modest. Mayberry not, Aladdin may smile upon you in your treasure hunt.



Jolly Roger's clue: Hunt
only in the better shops
and stores for Barrie
treasures.

Barrie
KNITWEAR
CASHMERE · LAMBSWOOL · SHETLAND
HAWICK SCOTLAND

BARRIE & KERSEY



*And I made inquiry what gave to these rich dishes
their unaccustomed delicacy. The merchant answered me,
"You have eaten tonight of the rarest spices of all Asia."
I think he did not lie, for he had ships sailing
to the East and was accounted wealthy.*

Herbs and spices have long lent delight to the cooking of every race. Immemorially, those from the East have been prized by Western connoisseurs for their exquisite delicacy, their subtle pungency. Once, only princely palates knew the delectable titillation of Oriental herbs and spices. But, in the 20th century, untold thousands can revel in dishes made lordly with the rare herbs and spices that are found in every bottle of Lea & Perrins, the original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce.

LEA & PERRINS By Appointment Purveyors of Worcestershire Sauce
to the late King George VI.



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ancient festivals
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events which
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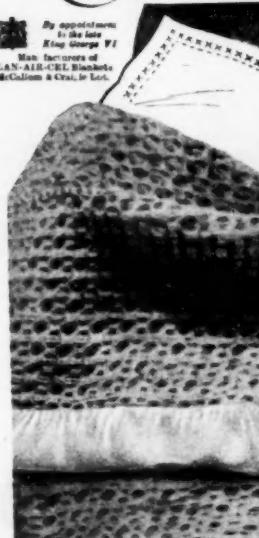
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SHAW & TIDmarsh
HOLLOW GRAYS

LAN-AIR-CEL

The original cellular blanket

GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS

By appointment
to the late
King George VI
Manufacturers of
LAN-AIR-CEL Blankets
McCallum & Craig, Ltd.



*all lightness and
warmth and
fleecy softness*

In the de-luxe cabins of the QUEEN MARY, QUEEN ELIZABETH and CARONIA, and in H.O.A.C. STRATO-CRUISERS you find the very perfection of comfort—including LAN-AIR-CEL, the original cellular blankets. Woven for warmth and lightweight comfort, from the purest Scotch spun wool, LAN-AIR-CEL blankets are guaranteed for ten years, and they'll keep their fleecy quality for a lifetime. A wise investment for any family, and a gift that becomes an heirloom.

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in lovely pastel shades & cream
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OSTERLEY PARK, MIDDLESEX

Seat of the EARL of JERSEY



SANDERSON of Berners Street
take unusual pride in presenting the

Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection of Ancestral Fabrics

NEVER BEFORE, in this country's long experience of producing beautiful things, has such a collection as this been seen. For here are fabrics, rare in their loveliness and unique in their associations, which everyone may handle, admire, compare . . . and buy for their own homes.

From the stately manors and castles of Britain, seats of historic families, experts have chosen the finest of the handwoven hangings and embroidered materials, to bring them to life once more in all their original

splendour of colour and design. Courtaulds are to be congratulated on a magnificent idea, brilliantly carried out, and Sandersons are proud to be associated with them in the undertaking.

The Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection of Ancestral Fabrics is now on view at Sanderson's showrooms, 52/53 Berners St., London, W.1. It is also being shown in the U.S.A. and Sweden by arrangement with F. SCHUMACHER & CO., NEW YORK, and ERIC EWERS A B, STOCKHOLM.

Other famous houses whose fabrics are represented in the Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection include Alnwick Castle, Hardwick Hall, Ickworth, Cuizan Castle, Burghley House, Broomhall, Whittingehame, Althorp, Holkham, Drummond Castle, Madresfield Court, Knole, Kedleston Hall and Belton House.



Any complaints, Miss Henshawe?

Making crockery and cutlery really clean is no longer the difficult problem it used to be. Efficient dishwashing methods require detergents with ingredients which soften water and prevent the deposition of film and scale. These are only some of the useful properties of Calgon—a phosphate product made by Albright & Wilson. Many proprietary dishwashing compounds now embody this practical answer to the demand for cleaner food.



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£40 A SCHOOL TERM FOR FIVE YEARS

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The period of five years mentioned can be extended or curtailed as desired.

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Write, giving as full particulars as possible of education envisaged, with dates of birth of parent and child, to

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STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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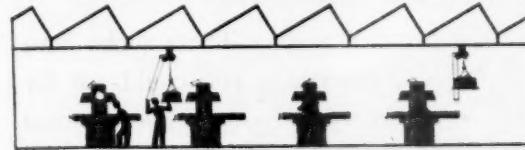
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When goods are heaved and humped about by hand you need lots of expensive space—or work areas are cramped and cluttered, workers are held up . . .



When you put overhead space to work, using modern handling gear, everybody has more room, hold-ups don't happen, every foot of space is working space . . .

To GET MORE PRODUCTION from the same floor area make full use of overhead space. The My-Te-Min Electric Pulley Block saves manpower, speeds the flow of work, reduces scrap. A single My-Te-Min on an overhead runway makes quite a difference. Try it—see how soon these tireless little workers pay for themselves. 5 models, capacity 400 to 3600 lbs. Prices from £69.



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and that means

WHITEWAY'S



GLORIOUS DEVON CYDER - ONLY 16/- A FLAGON

(Deposit on bottle)

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CHRISTYS' WILDFOWL

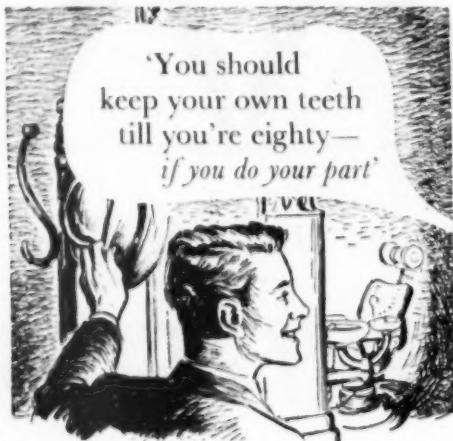
A soft mixture felt with a sporting air — ideal for town or country — a good companion for your tweeds.

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CHRISTY & CO. LTD., 35 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.3
(Entrance in Lombard Court)

and good class men's shops everywhere

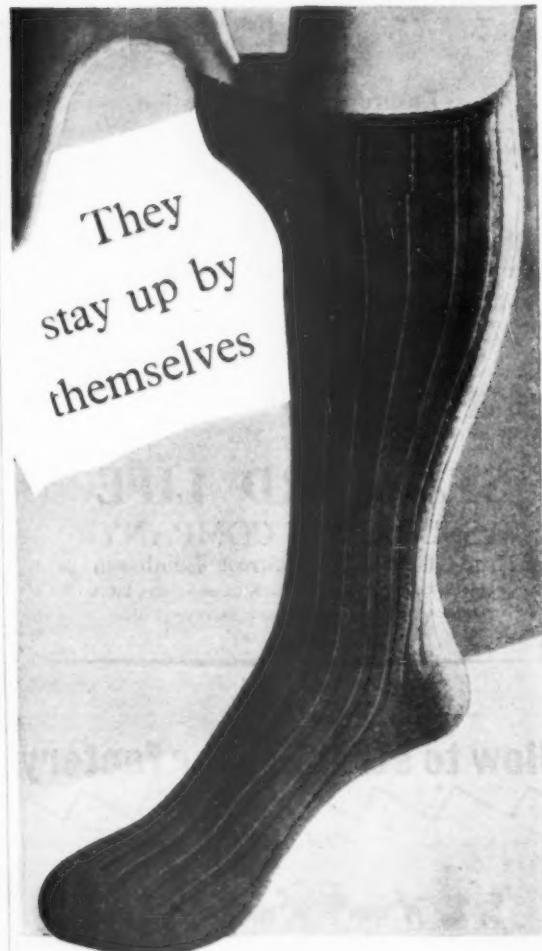


You can keep your own natural teeth all your life—if you help the dentist take care of them. Regular night and morning brushing is essential—and a Tek does the job thoroughly! Buy a Tek—use it daily—and you'll have done your part.

keep your own teeth with Tek
A Johnson & Johnson PRODUCT

TEK Pure Bristle · TEK Nylon · TEK 'S' · TEK Junior for children

Another health hint—Johnson's Handkerchief Tissues are always handy



These socks have everything you could ask for

- The soft, luxurious comfort of pure botany wool
- Blended throughout with just the right amount of nylon to give almost unbelievable wear • Special additional high spliced nylon reinforcement at heel and toe
- The method employed in the Grip-Top design is exclusive to Wolsey, and the elastic yarn never loses its resiliency

Wolsey Grip-tops
7/2

Make shaving an occasion

IF you just shave and leave it at that, you are missing a grand experience. Follow the sequence of luxury shaving that Imperial Leather provides. First, use Imperial Leather Chubby Shaving Soap — made chubby specially to be quick and economical. Let its rich lather be a prelude to all that is to come. And then,

THE LUXURY SEQUENCE

1. CHUBBY SHAVING SOAP

Specially designed to present the maximum surface to the beard and to preserve a firm shape throughout long shaving life. One Chubby and Refill will last the average man 12 months.

2. AFTER SHAVE LOTION

A refreshing and invigorating astringent characterised by the discreet Imperial Leather perfume.

3. AFTER SHAVE TALC

In handsome, plastic sprinkler container, this invisible talc is tinted to be felt but not seen.

when ordinary shaving ends, let delight continue. Apply Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion, to set your skin a-tingling with pleasure, toned and invigorated; and finally, Imperial Leather After Shave Powder . . . and there you are! Shaved as you have never been shaved before, smooth and confident for the day.



Cussons Sons & Co. Ltd, 84 Brook Street, London W.1

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS IMPERIAL LEATHER TOILET SOAP



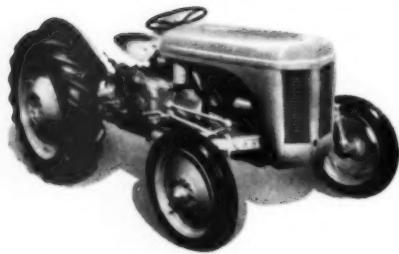
All that's best in Britain . . .

The warm harvest days are anxious days . . . white billowing clouds move across a sunlit sky . . .

Rain tomorrow? Perhaps . . . But to-day's work is going well, going smoothly . . .

thanks to the Ferguson Tractor. Built by the finest engineering craftsmen, already

a quarter of a million Ferguson Tractors have left the Banner Lane plant of the Standard Motor Company, representing as they do in every detail of their design 'all that's best in Britain.'



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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



There are 50,000 experts at your jeweller's

Do you think of your jeweller as just a man in a shop? He is much more than that. Although you cannot see them, there are 50,000 experts at his elbow ready and keen to help him help you.

These 50,000 are the expert craftsmen of the Swiss watch industry. Three centuries of watchmaking tradition have bred in them that instinctive skill and meticulous accuracy which make Swiss watches renowned the world over.

The Swiss watch industry, which fashions these fine jewelled-lever watches with such skilful care, is anxious to ensure that only skilful and careful people should handle them as they pass from the maker to the wearer. That is why these 50,000 craftsmen give their help, their advice and their support only to the qualified jeweller. That is why no one but your jeweller can explain to you which are the good watches — can help you choose wisely — can ensure you efficient service when you need it.

Choose a good Swiss watch at your jeweller's and have 50,000 experts at your service.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS

OF SWITZERLAND





We've solved some problems in our time!

TIME—1939 : PROBLEM—the magnetic mine. The answer came quickly : sweep with a loop of cable carrying heavy impulses of direct current, thus generating a magnetic field to detonate the mines. But the means ? Every available mine-sweeping trawler must be fitted at once with batteries capable of enormous output—3,000 to 4,000 amperes at 150 to 200 volts. That was Chloride's part of the problem.

The trawlers got their equipment. Car batteries by thousands, with new connections hurriedly burned in to put the cells in series-parallel, provided each ship with a fearsome make-shift battery of 1,134 cells. Later, our special 400 volt mine-sweeping batteries, designed for the job and produced in very great numbers, made sweeping safer and more certain. But the magnetic mine, as a decisive weapon of war, was already beaten—by brave men and a battery that looked like an 'electrician's nightmare.'

For over 50 years we have been designing & making special types of Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad Batteries for every branch of industry, transport and communications. Our battery research and development organisation, the largest & best equipped in this country—if not in the world—is at industry's service always: ready at any time to tackle another problem.

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BATTERIES LIMITED

Makers of Exide Batteries

EXIDE WORKS · CLIFTON JUNCTION · NR. MANCHESTER

P.28



CHARIVARIA

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph*, "Modern alchemists are going into business in Germany." Among other things, experiments are said to be proceeding with a view to turning gold into steel.

The mother of a notorious Sicilian bandit refused an offer of twelve thousand pounds to take part in a film on the life of her son, and held out for twenty-four thousand. Her mother is now confidently awaiting a call from Hollywood.



Now that doctors are getting more money under the Health Service, hopes are expressed that they will do their bit to co-operate by leaving cheaper drugs in their ears.

"Special note to ALL: if you'd like a brief, but to the point, criticism of a short MS., then send it along with a s.a.e. We pull no punches; you are not likely to do us credit if we pull blinkers over your eyes nor if you wear cotton-wool over the aforesaid peepers. If you are likely to figure on this page (to our advantage as well as yours), then we want you. If you would be wasting your time and ours, we'll tell you so—even so gently!"

Yours, waiting joyfully, but calmly, for the first cuckoo of the spring—(Director of Studies)."

Adet. in The Writer

That's candid, anyway.

"It had long been known that radio emanations in the form of noise were arriving at this planet from somewhere in space; but no great importance was attached to these findings until it was discovered that there existed certain localised sources of emission, and these have since become known as radio stars."

Cambridge Daily News

Take it from there!



Sir Alexander Korda said in New York recently that he will produce the first film featuring the cinerama, or three-dimensional process in colour. The entertainment industry must now devise some simple means by which audiences can tell whether they are watching a play or a film.

Split in Local Labour Party?

"CHESWORTH
GRIEVES
WILSON"

North Kensington Election Poster

In view of the indignation in Scottish circles over the proposal to put an American pipe-band into kilts of the Royal Stuart tartan, the Second Division of the U.S. Army have decided to adopt a design based on one of President Truman's sports shirts.

"Several members of the OUDS grew beards for the play—probably their best production since the war."—*Evening Standard*

Isn't that just a little bit unkind?

Londoners who were taken aback by the rise in fares are already beginning to find their feet again.



HOSIERY CAUSES FINANCIAL HOLD-UP

THE pink tinge of the *Financial Times* makes it particularly suitable as a dainty lining for small top-drawers in a man's dressing-room, and many of my biggest financial scoops have been directly due to reading between the handkerchiefs while getting ready to go down to breakfast. A few days ago, for instance, the simple act of picking up collar with blue and green stripes showed me that Manila issues were continuing to attract attention on bond settlement hopes, whereas Havana 1906 debentures, following reports of a *coup d'état*, had reacted i to 18. The news was already nearly a month old, but I made a note of it. You never know, when you are playing the markets, what little item of knowledge tucked away in the memory may not enable you to block

the manoeuvres of short-term operators and make a quick killing in Equities.

Similarly, to the extraction of a blue shirt that happened to be at the bottom of the pile I owe my knowledge of a letter on Bank Charges, written to the Editor of the *Financial Times* by a gentleman in Ruislip—a letter which, though not directly of interest to investors, deserves a wider publicity than is likely to be afforded it by the chance shifting of haberdashery in men's dressing-rooms. The gentleman is himself a banker, and had taken exception to some remarks by "Lombard" in an earlier issue which, in his opinion, did "less than justice to the banks." He makes, with force and justice, the point that the overhead costs incurred by banks include not only the routine

operations of payment and collection of cheques, balancing of accounts, handling and custody of securities, etc., but also "the various ancillary services rendered by the banks, the variety of which may not be generally appreciated."

Not content with these general observations, he goes on—as the removal of a mesh-knit vest instantly revealed—to give specific instances of ancillary services rendered by banks that have fallen within his own experience. I take the liberty of quoting:

(a) An investigation on behalf of a customer living in Dieppe of the possibilities of obtaining regular supplies of winkles from southern Irish or northern Scottish waters, with special reference to the methods employed by the suppliers for keeping the winkles in fresh condition.

(b) The search for a source of supply of baby elephants to be imported into England for training as circus performers.

(c) Discreet inquiries as to the eligibility as a husband of a young man whose attentions to the daughter of a wealthy Continental client then staying in England were thought to be not without ulterior motives.

All the above matters, the writer adds, were dealt with to the entire satisfaction of the customers concerned and at no cost to themselves.

I am glad to be able to substantiate everything that the gentleman from Ruislip says about the versatility and helpfulness of banks. Having occasion, shortly after reading this letter, to visit my bank at the manager's request, I put the matter to the test and the following conversation ensued.

Myself. I am looking for a stuffed zebra—

Manager (opening an enormous ledger). Good morning.

Myself. Oh—good morning. Do you render services, the variety of which may not be generally appreciated?

Manager. I asked you to be good enough to call because I am somewhat concerned about the present position.

Myself. I share your concern. We are riddled with snails. They seem to gather or harbour beneath the ivy on the south wall and come down at dusk in great numbers to lay waste the seedlings. What do you advise?



Manager. Put salt on their tails. Meanwhile, the fact remains that for the past seven months—

Myself. Excellent. Common, or garden salt? However, no doubt they can tell me at the counter. Another problem arises in connection with a second cousin on my mother's side, whose nephew has got into difficulties at Oxford. Apparently he ordered a consignment of prawns from Haverfordwest, and my second cousin is worried in case—

Manager. I do not see what your second cousin has to do with the matter. This account—

Myself. Exactly the advice I gave her myself. She should wash her hands of the whole affair. Now, as to the possibility of obtaining accommodation at Helsinki—

Manager. The bank has gone as far as it can in the matter of accommodation. We try to meet our customers in every possible way—

Myself. I should not require meeting—merely the single room for a fortnight. However, if they are all booked up, there is no more to be said. A wealthy Continental client of mine, by the way, has lost a velvet hat while travelling between the Hook of Holland and Harwich—

Manager (reaching out, with a look of sudden enlightenment, towards a heap of "Financial Timeses"). Is it possible that you have been reading some recent correspondence from a gentleman at Hartslip?

Myself. Well—

Manager (selecting and opening the issue for March 11). In that case perhaps you noticed the following sentence towards the end of the letter "While I do not suggest that propositions of this nature are to be encouraged . . ."

Myself. I noticed nothing of the kind. There was a pile of old socks—

Manager. Old socks!

Myself. Yes. Do you not find that socks form an almost impenetrable barrier to a close and coherent study of financial matters?

I am sorry to have to add that his reply to this question did not give entire satisfaction to the customer.

H. F. ELLIS

Announcement No. 7

THE ZEBRA CLUB
INTERIM BALANCE SHEET



ASSETS	£ s. d.	LIABILITIES	£ s. d.
Capital, good-will, etc...	Nil	Stationery	1 9
Member's subscriptions	Nil	Secretary's peaked cap..	18 6
Donations and bequests	Nil		
Debit balance	1 0 3		
	£1 0 3		£1 0 3

The state of affairs revealed by the above balance sheet is far from satisfactory, and the Secretary, while thanking members for their loyal support in difficult times, asks them to be prepared for a GRAVE ANNOUNCEMENT next week.

Meanwhile, a final decision on the design of the Club Tie is held up, pending legal advice on the optimum width of the stripes.



I AM INDIGNANT

"THE principles of Whiggism and Nonconformity were instilled into the mind of Harley at an early age, and if he changed the polities of his ancestors, he never formally abandoned their religious opinions. At the revolution of 1688, Sir Edward and his son raised a troop of horse——"

Dammit, here comes a train! I shall have to wait another two minutes before I know what happened to Sir Edward and his troop of horse. If only they didn't have this silly little string of mechanical boxes roaring through the tunnel every now and then, one could get along with one's culture a bit. Let us try again.

The coffee houses of the eighteenth century were the common meeting ground of wits and politicians, of poets and satirists, and the talents of such men as Defoe and Jonathan Swift were not likely to be neglected by the statesmen of their time. It was in 1703 that the great firm of Rawlinson—— Ah, I wondered when we were coming to that.

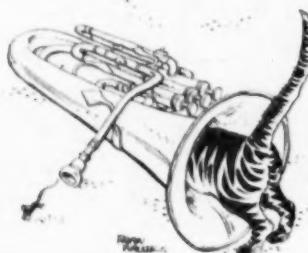
But seriously now, what is all this stuff about sponsored radio and telesais?—for let me tell you that not for a thousand pounds would I use that horrid hybrid word that of late years has passed so easily into our common tongue. Why is it that so many grave authorities whom I profoundly revere seem to think that competition by commercial firms over the air would lower the standard of the public taste in art and literature and all that jolly kind of thing?

*When first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide."*

That, I think, will be Shaving Soap, if one perseveres to the end.

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care . . ." and a very lovely girl she is, quietly drinking her bowl of Galactobos in her tester bed.

"As the late afternoon wears on, some faint tokens of an approaching human presence may be discerned. Far down by the road a flight of plover rises with a scream, and through the grey veil of mist and rain a



soft spot of colour shines indistinctly like some faded lamp. By and by a dismal shape of grey, crowned with a faint golden radiance, is seen moving through the transparent curtains of the falling rain."

Polyolbion Underwear. One cannot mistake the writer's touch.

Is it to be seriously contended that the men and women who post up these great messages to stir our hearts in public places are unfit to open and close the proceedings of Benny Bulstrode and his Blockbuster Band, or even to introduce the boys of the Third Programme Brigade? Is not advertisement a sister of the Muses, a close friend of history, music, art and song? And do I not see the beautiful Poppaea Sabina getting into her bath of asses' milk over there, with only a delicate reference at the bottom of the bill to Foundation Cream? I could linger for hours and hours looking at these lovely pictures and listening to these golden words. I suppose the latest table-tennis sylph in tights would not be insulted, would she, if she were prefaced on the teleoptic screen by a vision of Helen of Troy, even if Helen were gently leading us on to the necessity of correcting our diet with an occasional Ambrosia Bean?

But time wears on. The man in uniform with a mop is beginning to wonder about me. I must get into my train, I suppose, and see what Dr. Johnson said to Oliver Goldsmith above the window on the opposite side.

EVOE

ε ε

"BUSY OLD FOOL"

Windows in Civil Service offices with an aspect "on the arc south-east to west through south" may have blinds fitted, by a recent decision of the Ministry of Works.

L O! in the orient skies, with gleaming ray,
The punctual sun leads on another day;
On tree and hill his flaming splendours fall,
And touch with light the windows of Whitehall;
Behind the shimmering glass, the eastern pane,
The toiling scribes asylum seek in vain;
They, at the desk, with panting breath perspire,
Unshaded from inexorable fire.
Not so when on his course the vital spark
Moves upward slowly towards the southern arc;
His stronger flames, unprofitably bright,
Through other windows shed no burning light:
Him mighty Eccles with a word prevents,
And sternly dims his proud magnificence;
By cooler Fortune bless'd, the scribblers find
A pleasant comfort in the pendent blind;
Smile o'er their toil, survey the shady room,
And sunless hail the counterfeited gloom . . .

From *The Sunshade*
G. H. VALLINS



SAME AGAIN?

"Now, when all our forces have been completely withdrawn and free elections held . . ."



ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

AT this jocund season of Easter-tide, the first, maddest, merriest holiday of the burgeoning year, when the queues are so long, the trains so full, the loud-speakers so loud, the taxis so few, the beaches so crammed, and the hotel four-day tariffs so unnerving that many of us intend to stay at home in the bosom of an indignantly stagnating family, may I invite you to consider with me the plight of the railway inquiry clerk? Thank you. You will not be disappointed.

For I have been one. (Cries of "One what?" "Where do I change?" "Is there a Customs clearance?" "Can I use this ticket to come back via Edmondthorpe and Wymondham?" and so forth.) In answer to your first question, sir or madam—I have been a railway inquiry clerk, that's what; honorary and temporary, for half an afternoon at Waterloo the other day. It is possible that you saw me there during my brief tenure of office,

sitting up at the counter on a high stool and taking no notice at all of your spirited demands to know the name of the boat you were supposed to meet at Southampton, or the return fare from Swanage to Droxford at the special rate for a party of twenty-two. If you did see me, and I behaved like that (and if you did, I did) an apology is due to you; but you will admit, I think, that when one of my two flanking colleagues was ultimately disengaged he solved your problem most deftly, whereas I, in my whole tour of duty, only gained real confidence on a single point, namely, the last train back from Bournemouth. (If inquiry statistics are anything to go by, there'll be quite a crowd at Bournemouth this week-end.)

And don't think, please, that I got any fun out of a pretended absorption in that green pamphlet about seat-reservation facilities, because I didn't; and the next time an inquiry clerk keeps his nose in

some book or other, instead of giving you a crisp "Next?" just sympathize a little. He has some good reason, or he would never invite the agonizing sensation of furious eyes drilling holes in the top of his head. He may, for example, be looking up the procedure in the case of a lady who claims to have surrendered at St. Pancras the ticket which entitled her to travel on to Newhaven, and hasn't a penny to bless herself with until she is reunited with her husband, now waiting on the quay; or perhaps he is plotting a complicated route for a young newspaperman (self-confessed, with an air) with a night assignment at Addlestone—or it may be Sutton or Weybridge, he's not sure—who hopes to get as far as he can by motor-cycle, catch a milk-train to Byfleet and then walk. These matters are a little off the beaten track, and take time. Answers to a routine poser about cheap-days to Woking flip out with

the slickness of cards from a weighing-machine—though my colleagues warn me that a pretence of consulting a work of reference is always advisable, otherwise inquirers are never entirely convinced. It's as well to repeat everything too (try to avoid it!), because a bald statement of fact never entirely convinces, either—looked up or not.

Inquiries follow a familiar pattern. "Could you tell me the first train to-morrow for Ormskirk?" you ask, getting pencil and paper ready. "Eight-thirty, madam," we reply—"Eight-thirty A.M." "I see. Eight-thirty in the morning."



"That's right, madam." "Thank you very much indeed. And that's the first one?" "That's the first, madam." "Eight-thirty. I see. For Ormskirk." "For Ormskirk, madam. Eight-thirty." "Thank you so much. Er—I suppose there's

nothing earlier . . .?" Two points of interest may be noted. First, we do not strike you at this stage. Second, we do not tell you that the Ormskirk train goes from Euston, whereas you are now at Waterloo. This is not perverseness on our part; we just happen to know that gratuitous information confuses you; to tell you two things at once kills the chance of your comprehending either. When you ask us the way to the booking-office, *that* is the time to explain about Euston, and to direct you to the Underground. "Out of this door, madam," we say, stretching our torsos over the counter and pointing—"then turn right, and right again." And what do you do? You go out of the door and turn left, three times out of five. Oh yes, you do; *and* you, sir. And when you re-pass the door later, going in the opposite direction, you throw us a look that could kill.

However, your original question in this instance was neatly and comprehensively phrased, and I must congratulate you on that. Many people take less pains to prepare their case. Approaching with a furtive air, studying an envelope-back, they murmur, in tones not designed to penetrate the symphony of safety-valves without or the general babel within, the single mysterious code-word "Guernsey." Do they want to go there? Or meet someone who has been? Perhaps they can get there all right, but haven't a notion how to get back. Is it just some niggling worry about cabin reservations? Registered baggage? Are they wondering if they can travel on the boat-train without going on the boat? Or vice versa? The information has to be chiselled out of them flake by flake, and after a model answer has been given on every point, including a few items from the clerk's purely personal knowledge—bus-routes, bathing, the cost of cigarettes and the chances of hiring beach-huts—it's not unlikely to turn out that they meant Jersey all the time. However, we inquiry clerks are used to this; it's all in the day's work; and we much prefer the one-word approach to that of the silent, fresh-faced man in a hacking jacket who

strides up, takes the A.B.C. from our hands, flicks the pages, makes a note, grunts, disappears, and later complains in a bitter letter to the Press that we sent him on a Tuesday afternoon to catch a train plainly shown in the time-table as a Saturdays Only.

On the whole I had a fairly easy spell, I realize that. Things were slack. Never more than four pairs of furious eyes were drilling holes in the top of my head at any one time. To-morrow, now, the busiest day of the year, questions and answers will be whistling back and forth like arrows at Agincourt. ("Agincourt, madam? When are you travelling?") All the same, after an hour or two I'd had enough. I even felt, as I put away my little notebook and wondered if I could steal away without catching any of the eyes trying so hard to catch mine, that given a really easy question I might become a genuine inquiry clerk just for one glorious, flashing moment. And that, strangely enough, was what happened. Sliding off my high chair I found myself staring a dear little old lady bang in the eye. There was nothing for it.



"Yes, madam?"

"I wonder, could you tell me," she said, with the sweetest smile—"is this where I call about the trains?"

"Yes, madam," I said, smiling back.

And wishing my colleagues a very happy Easter, I slipped quickly away.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC

AKNOT of men, I thought. And I was going to stride carelessly by when I realized that men had no business to knot at half past ten at night. I stopped, and peered over a shoulder. A man was busy in a little hole in the pavement rubbing soap round a gas-pipe; there was a strong smell of gas.

"Here it is!" said the man in the hole, burrowing madly in the clay. "See there." A whole froth of soapsuds was forming round him. "Here it is."

"Nobody smoking, I hope?" said a voice. There was a guffaw.

The man looked up. "Get a couple of picks on here, will you?" he appealed. A member of the crowd went across to a nearby lorry that the man in the hole had apparently brought with him.

As I watched the scene quicken into life I was filled with a very unusual pleasure. Here were we, I said to myself, ordinary members of the public, watching a man work in a hole in the road. But, instead of being mere onlookers, we're

helping. — An emergency, I told myself, brings out the best in the British. A pickaxe was handed to me, and I quickly leant my umbrella against the wall, shrugged off my overcoat, and set to.

"Be a bit more careful," said the man in the hole.

"Sorry," I said.

"We're trying to repair it," he elaborated, "not smash it."

"Strike sparks off that there main and it's curtains," said another man solemnly.

That was a thought that hadn't presented itself to me. With far greater care I picked delicately at the clay round the pipe, with my co-worker, a gentleman in green braces.

When, after several minutes, we had cleared a sufficiently large space we retired to allow two more volunteers, with shovels, to consolidate.

"Lucky we all came along," I said.

"Yus," said the gentleman in green braces. "Might have been nasty."

"Of course," I said. "Gas," I reminded him.

"That's right," said the gentleman. "Never know where you are with gas, do yer?"

"What with cuts, and Sundays," I said.

"Sright," he said.

I watched, rapt, while the process continued. Under the expert direction of the man the leak was stopped and the earth was put back round the pipe. I managed to make myself useful several times, getting things from the lorry and generally doing my bit. Came the time when the paving stones were replaced, and everything was spick and span again. To my great pleasure I was given the task of sweeping up. I did a good job there; I shouldn't think that piece of pavement had had such a really good sweeping for many years. I slung my broom insouciantly back into the lorry, and was about to take my leave of all these other fine, public-spirited fellows, who were beginning to make themselves tidy

in preparation for their journeys home, when the man who had been in the hole called to me.

"You, tosh," he said. "Get that notice, will yer?"

He pointed back along the way I had come to join his little band. Obediently, I walked back, though I didn't remember seeing any notice. But there it was—just by the pavement. It read: "Danger. Members of the public not allowed beyond this point."

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

"MIND you," Mrs. Jones said, "I have a cousin who was a squadron leader during the war."

"There you are then," said Mrs. Smith. "What's wrong with that?"

"Well, we haven't spoken for years," said Mrs. Jones. "Not since his mother deliberately bought a hat like my mother's for a garden party. I don't think my mother would like it if I mentioned him in print. What about Uncle Edwin? He was a lieutenant in 1916."

"It would be better if it were someone a little higher," said Mrs. Smith.

"We can phrase it so that no one will know."

"Of course, but if we are able to put it plainly I feel it will give you more confidence somehow. What about George?"

"George was a corporal," said Mrs. Jones.

"Oh," said Mrs. Smith.

"I have a second cousin," Mrs. Jones exclaimed excitedly, "who is an admiral. I'd forgotten!"

"He will do splendidly," cried Mrs. Smith. "It will look perfect! I congratulate you, my dear."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Jones, modestly.

* * * * *

The announcement appeared a few days later:

"ADMIRAL'S SECOND COUSIN SELLING
BICYCLE. HARDLY USED. OFFERS.
WRITE: BOX XYZ."

MARJORIE RIDDELL

1942-1952

TEN years ago, on such an April night

We crouched alone in darkness and in dread,
Fearful lest one small errant gleam of light
Should tempt the monsters throbbing overhead.

You said "If we get out of this, my sweet,
We'll go out dancing, paint the whole town red,
The nights will be too short for our swift feet,
If we get out alive." That's what you said!

* * * * *
That terror went, as terrors always go.
But do we dance? You bet your sweet life, No.
We crouch in darkness, though the sky's serene,
And watch grey puppets on a 10-inch screen.



"I can't give you a rise, Blackshaw, but how about a little loan?"



"Shall I wait, sir?"

OBLIGING

WISHING he had got up in time to shave, Callimaky paused in the doorway of the breakfast-car and let the floor of the train slap his feet as he cast an eye over the people at the tables. There the old blighter was, right at the far end: easily recognizable by the white fuzz round the pink bald pate, the high white collar, and that absurd great buttonhole—a dahlia, was it? Callimaky began to lurch down the aisle towards him, gradually assuming the half-smile, as irrelevant as the acrobat's, commonly worn by people searching for a seat in crowded surroundings.

He reached the old man's table just as the steward began to pour out coffee. The old man did not look up: he was leaning forward, apparently concerned to see that the coffee got safely into his cup.

Callimaky rocked back on his heels to let the steward past, and then said "Er—"

The old man was now filling a pipe. He looked up ill-temperedly. "Don't be impatient, sir, please. I haven't finished my breakfast."

"I don't want your seat," said Callimaky, stung. "I just came to ask whether you'd be coming back."

"Back!" He seemed to take the word as an insult. The white eyebrows met while his fingers worked at the pipe.

"I don't suppose you remember me," said Callimaky above the clatter of the train. "I was in the compartment when you got on." He pressed himself against the table, allowing the steward to pass behind him. Telegraph-wires swooped past the window, and from the next table a voice like a muted trumpet said "Down in Bucks—"

"You didn't leave anything on your seat," said Callimaky. "Are you coming back to the compartment?"

The old man's temper was not improving. Making irritated passes with one hand over his half-filled pipe, he said "Has that anything to do with you?"

"I've been . . . exerting myself to save your seat for you." Callimaky felt his own irritation rising as he swayed about. The other man at the table was pretending to read his paper, but Callimaky was aware of curious glances from further away. He put a hand to his chin: it felt like a cat's tongue. "People have got in at every stop since yours. Compartment's full, all except your seat. I have to keep telling people——"

"Excuse me, sir." It was the steward again. "Chobliged."

The old man stirred his coffee and folded his lips over the stem of his pipe. "All I wish is to be allowed to finish my meal in peace," he said. He struck a match and began to puff. "You—are having a bad—influence—on my digestion."

"Sorry, but all I—oh, sorry," Callimaky repeated as the steward brushed by once more—"all I wish to do is to get a definite ruling about your seat. Do you want me to go on saving it or not?"

"Certainly I want you to go on saving it. I paid for it."

"You did!" said Callimaky, involuntarily. "Confound it, do I have to sit here and—Steward! Steward! Do I have to sit here and be insulted by——"

"Pardon me, sir, but the gentleman's—We are supposed to ask customers to move, sir, when they've——"

"But I have *not* finished."

"You've been here," said Callimaky, holding on to the table and looking at his wrist-watch—"You've been here nearly an hour and a quarter."

"Nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind." A thin gold watch was produced from a leather case. The lid rose like a butterfly's wing. "Forty-five minutes."

"You got on at seven forty-five. It's now nine."

"I didn't come in here at *once*, my good sir."

"You did. Porter put your things on the rack and



you didn't even look at your seat before coming straight away——"

"Excuse me," said the other man at the table earnestly, "did I hear you say it was nine?"

"Yes."

"Dear me, I thought it was a quarter past."

"Oh no," said a lady across the aisle. "We weren't due at Clovehands till eight fifty-five and I particularly noticed, I said to myself——"

"Look, sir," said Callimaky to the old man. "All I came in for was to warn you that I can't keep your seat any longer. There are people standing in the corridor. You're lucky I could keep it so long."

The steward was still standing there, thumping his thigh with his tray. He watched the old Adam's apple signal the passage of a gulp of coffee and then said "Pardon me, sir, but if you've finished there are others waiting." The man opposite put some money on the table, got to his feet awkwardly and staggered away.

The old man now began to argue with passion that he had left something on the seat. "It was a blue scarf," he declared. "Never liked it, but I left——"

"No, you didn't," said Callimaky. "That's what makes it so difficult. Most of them didn't believe me, I could see that, and why I should collect all your ill-will——"

The old man finished his coffee with the action of a snapping turtle, finding the bill held in front of his nose as soon as it was out of the cup. "Pah!" he said, slamming down some money and picking up very nearly all the change.

The way back to the compartment led through a forest of people and luggage; Callimaky could hear the old man grunting and hissing with annoyance behind him all the time. Reaching the place, which he was able to identify by a pair of almost impassable suitcases just outside, Callimaky observed not at all to his surprise that every seat was now taken: his own corner too. That enormous woman was presumably sitting on his hat.

"Is this—Where's my scarf?" The old man peered up at the rack through the corridor window. "Oh, yes. Well, I hope you're satisfied. I had two seats and they're both gone. What do you suggest now?"

"I was just trying to be helpful," said Callimaky, rasping a hand over his chin. He sat down on one of

the suitcases, and at the same moment a young man with an eager, simple look struggled out of the compartment and said to the old man "There's a seat in there, sir."

The old man went in at once, not looking at anybody.

"I always like to be obliging to a senior," said the young man chattily as he took his seat on the other suitcase. "Don't you?"

Callimaky said "Yes."

RICHARD MALLETT

MY AUNT!

"DAUGHTERS are the thing,"

Said someone in a play by J. M. Barrie.
Whether in fact they resolutely cling
To the parental home (if Love should tarry),
Launch out upon their own careers or marry:
Daughters are the thing.

Let us recall, however, from this vantage
Some who would stress the rival claims of auntage,
Jude the Obscure and Fanny Price would grant

That many an aunt
Is very much the thing.
One's thoughts take wing
To others who would entertain this view—
Tom Sawyer, and the Toeless Pobble too,
And Phoebe Throssel's "niece," and Little Women.
Could Betsy Trotwood's memory grow dim in
The heart of David Copperfield? I shan't
Hold forth on or, in fact, do more than fling
Before your notice the amnesic *tante*

Whose missing pen (like some herbaceous plant)
Was always in the garden, but shall swing
To Ilion, where the siege-sick Trojan king
Put it to all his sons that they should bring
The Grecian host to terms, surrendering
Bright Helen with her power to enchant.
Troilus observed, however, at this parley:
"Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our Aunt . . ."
And what, when all is said and done, of Charley?



ff

TANK TROUBLE

DEAR SIRS (I wrote), may I refer you to the matter of the hot-water tank you installed in my bathroom some time ago, and apologize humbly for bothering you when you are no doubt very busy with those new £900 houses!

(Write to the plumbers, my wife had said, or is it the builders? You'll find their address on the back of the laundry book and say that the tank in the bathroom is going to burst at any moment. A good stiff letter. Right, I said, I will.)

Let me refresh your memories on the case. In response to repeated telephone calls from my wife you ultimately sent your assistant to survey the tank. He surveyed it and told my wife that "she" was undoubtedly "fretting"—we take it that your man referred to the tank—and that there was a "murmur" in the "tubes." He did not commit himself further, however, and apart from saying, as he drank his tea, that he wouldn't take a bath, not on his life, if he was us, and tying a piece of pudding cloth borrowed from my wife round a joint, he took no further action.

The cloth, I might add, has become a focal point for casual water from the "fret" and discharges its contents at regular intervals.

(Tell them, she added thoughtfully, that the milkman says that instead of "fretting" their man perhaps said "sweating," but he rather shook his head over the whole thing.)

I should add that a knowledgeable second opinion takes a serious view of the condition of the tank, too. However. We soon became tired of running backwards and forwards with boiling kettles, and began to take baths at our own risk. But in my case, at least, I usually cower at the shallow end with a towel round my shoulders; and since the thing itself has now taken to moaning in the night and giving off intermittent showers of spray, my wife tells me that she has to bathe the children under an umbrella. We can be glad that none of them is superstitious. Lately I have shaved wearing a light mackintosh.

(Oh—tell them, she insisted, that I saw one of their men working at Mrs. Arbuthnot's washhouse last

week and I ran to catch him but he hid among the bushes and I could hardly chase him round Mrs. Arbuthnot's garden, could I? Well, no—I suppose not, I said.)

I am informed that one of your assistants was seen in the vicinity of my house doing a job. Does this mean that you will shortly be attending to our needs? I have inspected the tank myself, tapping the working parts with a light hammer, but beyond the sudden discovery of a gush of water up one sleeve I was unable to form any opinion as to the fault.

(Tell them, she advised, that the linoleum on the bathroom floor is beginning to warp and the plaster on the lounge ceiling is apt to fall down on me if I'm vacuuming. Because of the damp, she explained, Good heavens, is it? I exclaimed.)

Serious erosion is now occurring; and we feel rather as that little Dutch boy must have felt.

That, then, is the position. And we shall esteem it a favour if you will have the matter attended to at your earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,

FERGUSSON MACLAY



THE GROOBYS RIDE AGAIN

I THOUGHT it was a bad sign when I saw the two elder Grooby boys, dressed in cowboy suits, coming out of Mr. Snape's garden. I imagine Snape must have caught them in his new pre-fabricated tool-shed.

"We're going to bust the joint wide open," Gordon said, dropping into a shallow puddle and whipping out a wicked-looking purple plastic six-shooter.

"'Cause it's a gambling-hell," Gregory said, out of the corner of his mouth.

I passed on, and the guns began to spit. Bullets ricocheted off the corner of Snape's bay window. *Ta-cao! Cha! Cha! Ta-cao! Cha*

Tcaoo! The science of child-warfare has moved on a good deal since my young days, when the shots went so wide that all one heard was the innocent *bang-bang* of our antiquated fowling-pieces.

As I turned in at my gate the gambling-hell proprietor must have made a sortie, for the boys came galloping down the road on their tricycles. It was lunch-time, and I think they must have put the whole thing in the hands of the sheriff, because when I saw them in the afternoon they seemed to have parked their shooting-irons and to be back on routine duties, riding the range and doing what they could to

stampede Mrs. Fish's aged spaniels, Binjie and Plod. Graham, the youngest, was out as well, curiously attired in a garment which started at the top as a kind of chocolate-brown smock and ended at the bottom as a pair of bloomers, or vice versa. Mrs. Grooby says he is at the difficult stage, betwixt and between, which describes him pretty well. Wearing these *smoomers*—if one may coin the word—the little fellow doesn't find it easy to fit into ranch life. He tends to hang about on the fringe and to seek diversions of his own.

The afternoon passed without any particular incident. Miss

Botchergate, who hasn't been around since the Groobys locked her in the cupboard under the stairs, came and called for Mrs. Fish and they went off for a drive with a rude word written in the dust on the boot of the car. Whether Mrs. Prudder was supposed to keep an eye on the neighbourhood during Mrs. Fish's absence is not known; but Mr. Prudder was being difficult in the garden, and Mrs. Fish probably knew that her friend would have to "stand over him" while he dug, and that she could not therefore accept responsibility for what went on.

Mrs. Fish and Miss Botchergate came back for tea, and it must have been about an hour after this that we became aware that something was brewing up. Mr. Grooby had been patrolling the road in some detail since about five o'clock, and we had heard Mrs. Grooby calling her young: "Grah-am! Grah-am! Tea's ready! Grah-am! Sausages!" The cry floated plaintively across the still evening air, but we gave it no heed beyond noticing that it did seem to be going on rather longer than usual.

At half-past six Mr. Grooby knocked on our door and asked if we'd seen the child. We said we hadn't, and Grooby limped gloomily up the path to the gate where Gordon and Gregory were waiting for him. They moved across the road to Mrs. Fish's gate, the boys gesticulating violently. I called my wife and we went out to see how the bulls were coming on in the top bed.

Mrs. Fish had emerged from her front door, and we could feel Grooby's embarrassment threading its way through the privet hedge.

"Sorry to bother you," he was saying, "but the boys thought you might have seen Graham . . ."

We couldn't see Mrs. Fish, but we could imagine her smile. Then we heard Gordon and Gregory, their sharp voices twanging rapidly, as if there was a lot they had been waiting to say: "*She better come clean . . . this is a stick-up . . . she's in a tight spot . . . run her out o' town . . .*" and so on. Grooby's voice could also be heard from time to time, faintly remonstrating, and we could imagine Mrs. Fish's smile

DROPPING FROM HEAVEN

DRIPPING from heaven, like the gentle dew
That freshens and rejuvenates the kine
Before the sun pops up above the pine
And Smithers, with his breakfast toast a-chew,
Trots madly for the seven forty-two—

Dropping from heaven, as with fell design
Alberich, snarling, dropped into the Rhine,
But with considerably less ado—

Dropping from heaven, like this ghastly store
Of similes which I have used before
In sonnets nearer to the heart's desire—
Dropping from heaven, I repeat once more,
Comes the soft soot-shower from the house next door,
As, once again, their chimney catches fire.

R. P. LISTER



setting, as these things are supposed to do when the wind changes.

After a time Miss Botchergate's voice boomed out from the bedroom window: "What seems to be the trouble, Birdie?"

The boys answered: "*She's a rustler . . . She's cornered . . . She's stacked the cards . . . We're moving in on a clean-up . . .*" And then Grooby, the dude-rancher, could be heard: "We wondered if Mrs. Fish had seen Graham . . ." The boys took it up again: "*Course she seen him—he's tethered in the corral, along o' the other steers!*"

There was a pause, and then Miss Botchergate boomed again: "Better let 'em look around, Birdie," she said, catching the spirit of the dialogue.

The Groobys moved up the path and my wife wished we could see them. I thought not. I thought it was one of those things television couldn't do as well as sound, and we had an eye-witness account later from Mrs. Prudder.

The party moved into the back garden and Mrs. Fish made one of those sweeping gestures of innocence which customarily precede the dénouement.

Gordon and Gregory set about their search, rootling among the bushes, lifting up plant-pots and

old buckets, and trampling up and down most of the available seedbeds. They fetched up in the corner by the spaniels' kennel—a commodious, mock-Tudor affair with painted windows, which had been constructed to Mrs. Fish's own design by a long-suffering carpenter. It was roguishly called "The Lair," and its roof was detachable for cleaning.

The boys lounged up to it and whipped off the roof. They hardly bothered to look inside. "This is the pay-off," they drawled, as Mrs. Fish and Mr. Grooby crowded forward to take a look. Mrs. Fish fell back with a gasp. Mr. Grooby bent down and lifted the sleeping Graham from between the two spaniels, Binjie and Plod, who snuffled vaguely but did not wake.

Grooby did the only thing possible in the circumstances. He got out of Mrs. Fish's garden as quickly as he could. The boys followed, intuitively aware that the climax had passed. We heard them trotting merrily up the road. Evidently they were examining the embroidered monogram on the seat of Graham's smoothers. "It's lucky," we heard them saying as they approached their house, "we got there before she'd finished heating her branding-irons!"

SNOWGATEHEAD

YEAR after year
with engines dread
Winter lays siege
to Snowgatehead.
A farm—a cottage—
and naught else
save naked sky and naked fells
most beautiful, and as austere
as abstract truth in a man's head,
and yet as real, as concrete,
as boulder rock to booted feet.

A farm? A fortress built to halt
General February's assault.

The sleet comes over the fell crests
driven as from arbalests.

Frost engineers a grim device:
a catapult with thews of ice
he mounts in every watercourse.

The blizzard strikes with javelin force.

Against the walls now Winter slams
the four winds, his battering rams,
and as they drive home blow on blow
the redan outworks of the snow,
foot by swallowing drift-foot, creep
closer to the folded sheep.

But wall and rafter, stone and wood
for three centuries have stood
such assaults; and this will fail,
though mounted upon such a scale,
for the beleaguered's hardihood,
native to their Northern blood,
fortifies their certain hope.
They see, from their high Pennine slope
beyond the fell, below the scree,
what the sheltered do not see—
the vanguard of advancing spring
which another month may bring
to lift the siege of Snowgatehead,
and to find hill-flowers spread
small and delicate, sparse but sweet
before the destined Conqueror's feet.

R. C. SCRIVEN



FRENCH

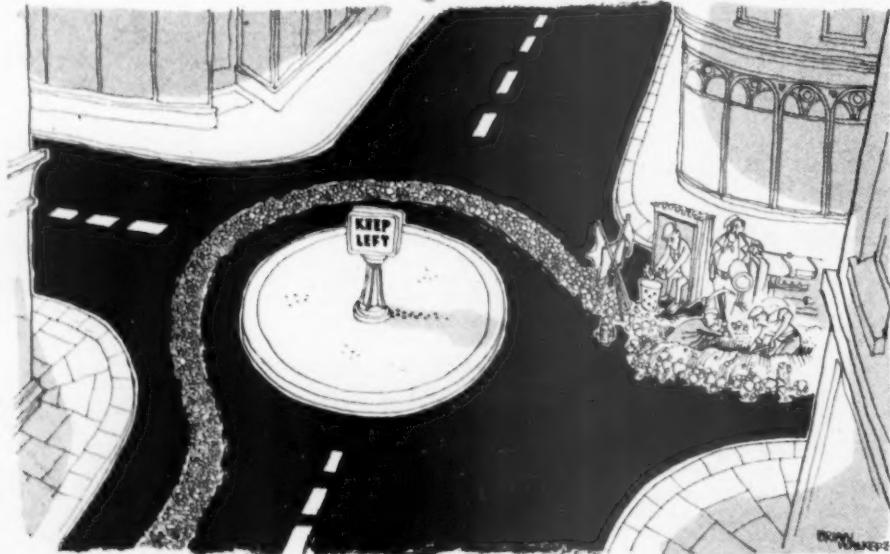
FRENCH may be defined, fairly enough, as the language spoken by the French people; and yet that does not give quite the truth of the situation, for it is really we English who speak French. What the French people talk with is called *Français*, and a very good name for it too because it embodies that facility in pronunciation which is typical of French on its home ground. And although French, rather than *Française*, is the subject of this article, I should say something here about the reaction of us English to the several occasions when we hear French spoken by the French.

First, there is the occasion when we are actually being talked to, which is just sheer ordinary panic, a dumb cry for time to sort it out into print. Then there are the voices on the wireless. I think that here many of us undergo a process of apprehension rather than comprehension—I mean we can sort of get what it's about without knowing what it's about, and are probably neither helped nor hindered by our sturdy inability to persuade ourselves that foreigners not only speak their own language to each other but also use it to say things with. English audiences watching French plays would be the last to confess that they harbour the same dim suspicion; or, for that matter, that the terrific intelligence on their faces may be a confusion of cause and effect. Film audiences are a bit different because of the sub-titles, and very nicely do these transient snatches of prose match the mood of an averagely bright audience, which gains considerably in self-esteem

by noting when the corresponding bits turn up in the dialogue.

I hope I haven't implied that French is a language we English know little or nothing of. Unlike other foreign languages French gets automatically into the lives of all of us very early on and never quite leaves us. The standard equipment includes a surprising knowledge of which words are "le" and which "la"—I mean, you've only got to say "*le jour la jour*" to remember it's "un"—and a latent easily-aroused noun-vocabulary, as well as some rather wistful recollections of our former relationship with *aucun, personne, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and Victor Hugo. I have deliberately assessed this equipment on the modest side to show as many of my readers as possible how much cleverer they are than the others. Talking of Victor Hugo reminds me, by the way, that we all know people who call him Victor Hugo. For the purposes of this article they count as French people, and except for asking them not to frighten the poor grocer when they want Petit Beurre biscuits I shall ignore them altogether.

One of the nicest things about the French language is that the odd phrase or word can be mixed in with English to the advantage of at least one side of the conversation, but for the group which I have sought to define—and which I might define further by saying that, in its own carefully italicized words, it can *read* it all right—there lurk dangers in saying even "*Ca ne fait rien*" outside the home circle. It is partly a



justified timidity in attacking the final word and partly an idea that this isn't the most up-to-date phrase available. For those who learnt their French at school have no faith whatever in their tiny store of idioms, and it says much for the stability of the language that a trip abroad will act as quite a tonic. And, talking of trips abroad, that reminds me that those who really concentrate on their French will be rewarded when they set foot on English soil again with a sudden glimpse of their own language as it really looks on notice-boards.

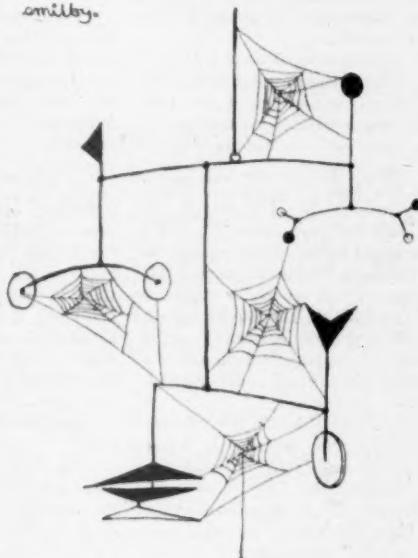
English French-speakers are, as I have implied, on the whole a modest lot, but there is one department of French that they really do know and that is how to count; in fact they like to compare it with their prowess in the upper reaches of, say, German or Italian counting to show themselves how much more French they know than they do. Hence their surprise at the foggy patches they meet round the seventies and eighties. It is a difficulty that can easily be resolved by argument, that is by a pooling of resources, and is thus different from the nightingale-swallow-thrush sort of controversy, when you get two people each knowing the wrong French names for two of the birds and the third suddenly remembering about sparrows. On the same level we have Maitre Corbeau, the character holding in his beak a fromage. I bring him in as an example of the kind of poem people nearly remember and can have a fine get-together on.

The last paragraph is for those who type. One of the oddest experiences that can befall a typist who has hitherto led a quiet life is to be called on suddenly to copy a whole page of French; what is odd is that after a few lines of typing very slowly with great difficulty you

find that you are typing quite fast with great difficulty. It is a fine example of human progress, but I don't think it has ever been given proper recognition except at the time by the typist.

ANDE

smiley.



MISLEADING CASES

Victoria Building Society v. The Queen. Before Mr. Justice Plumb

A N interesting point concerning the sex of a corporation was again discussed in the Chancery Court to-day. A building society is assessed for income-tax on the basis of the average rate applicable to the estimated resources of its average member. Such societies, therefore, were credited, in the relevant years, with the average post-war credits likely on such a basis to be receivable by their members. Post-war credits are payable to women at the age of sixty and to men at the age of sixty-five. The plaintiff society is sixty years old this year, and has requested payment as a female. The Treasury refused. The Society

was incorporated under the Building Societies' Act, 1874.

Sir Anthony Slatt, Q.C. (Attorney-General), has been arguing for several days that in so far as a corporation can be thought to have a sex it must be a male.

The Judge. Is that a fair assumption, Sir Anthony? We are all familiar with societies of which every member is a female. Debating societies, literary societies, professional societies. They give alarming dinners at which men are invited to speak. Some of them, I dare say, are incorporated, and, for all we know, the same point may arise in their affairs. In such a case

it would surely be contrary to natural justice if such a society were held to be a male.

The Attorney-General. My lord, in the present case the presumption, I submit, should be the other way. This is a building society, whose purpose is to provide houses for its members. It is the husband who, in the common experience of mankind, finds the funds for such a—

The Judge. But the house, Mr. Attorney, is traditionally the department of the wife. I see nothing in the rules of the society which provides that all the members shall be males.

The Attorney-General. My lord, I am prepared to call evidence to

show that, in fact, the majority of the members are male.

The Judge. I don't think I can allow that. A corporation is a fictitious person distinct in law from its members. If we depart from that principle and look behind the corporation, all kinds of error may result.

The Attorney-General. If your Lordship pleases. But with very great respect, milord, it was your Lordship who first referred to the character of the membership of certain societies.

The Judge. I know. Perhaps I was wrong. But I was trying to indicate the kind of error into which one might be led. What we have to determine is the sex of a corporation, irrespective of the sex or character of its members. Do you distinguish at all, Sir Roger, between the sex of a limited company and the sex of a society which is not incorporated—a club, for example?

Sir Roger Wheedle, Q.C. (for the plaintiff). No, milord. It is the plaintiff's case that all societies, all communities are, in essence, feminine. It is significant that in Latin the words "societas" and "corporatio" are feminine; in French "société" and "corporation"; in German "Gesellschaft" and "Körperschaft" (a corporate body); in Spanish "sociedad" and "corporación." A "school," my lord, in all languages—

The Attorney-General. With great

respect to me learned friend, the club in French is "*le club*"; and *collegium* is not very feminine.

Sir Roger. There are, of course, exceptions.

The Judge. We are not discussing clubs or colleges.

Sir Roger. I am greatly obliged to your Lordship. Milord, these are no mere accidents of language: they point to a reality which will be within the Court's experience. When men—or even women—come together in any formal society or community, there is a surrender, or at least a modification, of the essentially masculine qualities, the greed of the hunter, the violence of the soldier, the vigorous independence of the conqueror. Instead, there is that pooling of forces and opinions, that gentle spirit of accommodation and mutual help which we all associate, milord, with the female sex. It is a kind of marriage—

The Attorney-General. Oh, my aunt!

The Judge. I see, Sir Roger. You emphasize the formality of the association? You mean that a street-crowd or an election meeting would be more masculine?

Sir Roger. Exactly, milord. Your Lordship, if I may say so, is, as usual, extraordinarily understanding.

After further argument his Lordship gave judgment:

"The Court is indebted," he

said, "to Sir Roger Wheedle for his linguistic learning. He has greatly shortened our labours, and his argument, I think, should prevail. As he says, if a practice or a habit of speech is found to be common to many ages and nations, it is most probable that there is present some sound instinct, reasoning, or experience, of which no British court should be ashamed to take notice. I find therefore that the plaintiff society—and, indeed, every society—is feminine; and they should receive their post-war credits at once."

The Crown, no doubt, will appeal, as usual, to a superior court—perhaps to two. It may be that there the first branch of my decision may be lopped away by judges more wise and learned than myself. I should like to add, therefore, that I have a second. There is an old and respected maxim: *Omnia præsumuntur contra spoliatorem* ('Every presumption is made against the robber'). 'Post-war credit' is, of course, a Treasury euphemism for an ugly fact. With the best of motives, no doubt, Sir Anthony, your client—the Crown—took from the citizen by way of income-tax money which was not owing by way of income-tax, promising to restore it 'after the war.' It is more than six years since the end of the war. The money has not yet been restored. That, in plain language, is robbery. Accordingly, if any doubt is felt, as it may well be felt, in the courts above about the sex of this society, I hold that the ancient maxim should apply, and the benefit of the doubt should go to the plaintiffs. All costs, of every kind, to be paid by the Crown—though that, of course, means you and me, the tax-payers."

The Attorney-General. My lord, I give notice of appeal.

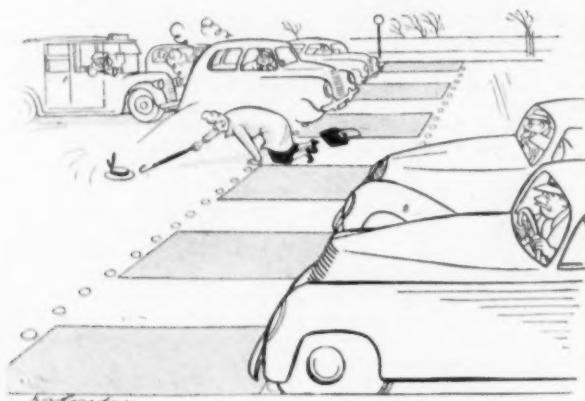
The Judge. Oh dear, more taxes!

A. P. H.

6 6

"The other motorist involved declared that Mr. M—— smelled of drink. So did a policeman."—*Daily Express*

That should have made it quits.



THE VISITORS

I WAS sitting quietly in my study, reading a magazine, when Mrs. Gudgeon threw open the door and ushered in a pale-faced man with a wild look in his eye.

"Commander Gulch," she announced.

I rose to my feet with a pleasant smile and held out my hand, not knowing whether the Commander, who was a stranger to me, was selling insurance or paying a social call. He ignored my outstretched hand, sat down, picked up a magazine, and turned the pages feverishly.

A bit odd, I thought.

"It's a nice day," I said, "for the time of year."

He put down his magazine and stared at me glassily.

"Did you say something?" he asked.

"Only that it is a nice day for the time of year," I repeated. "Coldish, but bright."

"I suppose you want to chatter," he said, "because you're nervous and can't concentrate on a book. Nervousness is a thing I can't understand, myself. I just don't know what nerves are."

He went back to his magazine. Odder and odder, I thought.

Mrs. Gudgeon threw open the door again and ushered in a woman with a large hat and a little boy with a balloon in his mouth.

They sat down, and the woman smiled at me.

"I bought him the balloon," she said, "to take his mind off it. It groans when he lets the air out. Dying pigs, we used to call them when we were children. Penny each in those days, and now they are ninepence, but that's life, isn't it?"

"Undoubtedly," I said. "But would you mind telling me . . ."

The little boy let out the air, and the pig died with a loud, long-drawn-out groan which made Commander Gulch leap two feet in the air, despite the fact that he didn't know what nerves were.

"When I was your age . . ." he began, glaring at the boy.



"I hate being nosy, but they appear to be having a fire at 'The Hollies'."

"Miss Cuttle," announced Mrs. Gudgeon, ushering in a giggling blonde.

"He's nayee, isn't he?" she said, glancing at the door that leads into our dining-room. "Ay always come every three months so that he can give me the once-over. A stitch in tame saves nane, you know."

I pondered. It seemed time to make a speech, or something.

I rose to my feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said. "I am delighted to see you, of course, but I shall be glad if you will now state your business. I have

work to do, and would like to get on with it."

Mrs. Gudgeon put her head round the door and beckoned to me. I joined her outside, and she told me I was wanted on the telephone.

"Marson here," said a voice I generally hear when I am in no position to talk back. "Sorry to trouble you, but I sent my plate away to have the hours altered, and the fool of a man has brought it back and screwed it on somebody else's front gate. I suppose it isn't on yours by any chance?"

D. H. BARBER

NOMINALLY YOURS

"MR. THOMPSON then entered the witness-box and gave evidence. He said that Thompson was his professional name and that he was born in Poland as Jan Kadjenksi . . ."

"Seventeen years ago a slim brunette left her humble Tooting home to join Alvar Lasalle's famous corps de ballet. She was the daughter of Sam Thompson, postman and pigeon fancier and her name was Elsie. To-night, as Claudette Kadjenksi, Elsie dances for the first time as prima ballerina. Nino Fargarelli sprained an ankle during Saturday's performance of *Les Sylphides* and . . ."

These extracts from two news-items in the popular Press spotlight a problem that has been troubling me, off and on, for years, and they

prompt me to put forward one or two suggestions.

It is obvious that the number of people who find it necessary, for professional or other reasons, to change their names is on the increase. Half the world, it seems, is struggling to become either conspicuous or inconspicuous, to achieve distinction by adopting exotic patronymics or obscurity and anonymity by joining the ranks of the Smiths, Browns, Joxes and Robins. Even I, one of the most rational and least gullible of men, am prepared to admit that Bruckner sounds better conducted by a Schmittorini than by a Higgins, and that William Atkins inspires more confidence as a company director than, say, Xenophon Walewski.

What few people realize is the

difficulty of finding a really suitable alias. One can so easily overdo it. Far too many Continentals plump for such obvious disguises as Clumley, Churchill, Rowbotham, Shakespeare, Beecham, King and McSot, and far too many of our budding fashion experts, ballerinas, artists, musicians and chefs go in for names like Alexis, La Paloma, Skirj, Pompattoirini and Louis d'Entrecote.

Not long ago a young Chilean came to this country to set up in business as a private detective. Fortunately he was wise enough to seek my advice before tacking up his name-plate, and I was able to set his feet firmly on the ladder of success. He had spent months, he told me, studying the pages of a London telephone directory before deciding on his short-list of *noms de guerre*—which read: Trenton Hawkins, Beverley Blakehurst, Ned Haxton, Roderick Clew, Rip Holmes, Winston Crammer; and he seemed quite surprised when I told him that they were all hopelessly unsatisfactory. It had never been pointed out to him that all decent detectives have names echoing that of Sherlock Holmes, a Christian name of two syllables (the first accented) and a surname of one syllable—Sexton Blake, Dixon Hawke, Ferrers Locke, Martin Track, Father Brown, Falcon Swift, Philo Vance, Nelson Lee and so on. There are of course a few exceptions.

Finally my Chilean friend decided on Tempest Hobbs, and I am glad to say that he soon made the grade.

What we need, I think, is a Names Exchange and Mart, where people can meet to swap surnames (whenever possible) and to get expert advice on the designations most likely to succeed in every trade, profession or calling.

I can offer specific advice only on one small corner of the profession of journalism. It seems to me that a writer can't go far wrong in this job if his name consists of a spondee followed by a dactyl—that is, a Christian name containing two fairly evenly stressed syllables and a surname of one strong and two weak syllables. But don't ask me why.
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"How shall I break all these to my husband?"



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, March 31

Their Lordships spent a serious afternoon discussing a thing they do discuss so well, so eloquently, and with such depth of human feeling

House of Lords:
A Story of Exile
House of Commons:
G.P.O.—and Steel

—personal liberty and justice. This time it was the case of Seretse Khama, whose disqualification to act as Chief of the Bamangwato (first ordered by the previous Government) has now been made permanent by the present Government.

Seretse was there to listen to the debate, which was opened by Earl JOWITT with a powerful plea for justice for him. The debate followed the lines so familiar in Another Place, but it was conducted with a moving sincerity that stilled the House to complete silence. Lord SALISBURY, at least nominally responsible for initiating the Cabinet's decision, did promise to reverse his refusal even to see a deputation from the Bamangwato—but he made it clear that there was no chance that the main decision itself would be altered.

The demand for "Papers" was not pressed. And Seretse went sadly away.

In the Commons Mr. DAVID GAMMANS was delivering his first major speech as Assistant Postmaster General, and very interestingly he did it, even if it was rather in the manner of a lecturer. One almost expected him to snap his fingers now and then, to get the lantern-slide changed, as (to the obvious discomfort of Post Officials sitting in the Civil Service box, who may reap the whirlwind) he mentioned that it was quite possible and legal to "post" such odds and ends as cows, dogs, silk-worms and bees. But apparently they must have ropes round their necks and be docile—this restriction, presumably, applying only to the larger items.

However, Mr. GAMMANS made a convincing case for the G.P.O., displaying that perfect, alert, suave

and patient counter-side manner which is, doubtless, decreed in Queen's Regs.—or whatever rules there are in the G.P.O. It was noted with some amusement that the Postmaster General himself was guilty of a late delivery, for he arrived in the Peers' Gallery eight minutes after Mr. G. began his speech.

The whole thing was very matey, and nobody so much as rapped on the table with an imperious "*Miss!*" But then the Parliamentary Post Office is such perfection that it has perhaps spoiled (or foiled) the critical sense of hon. Members. Be that as it may, Mr. GAMMANS was given the

charges and counter-charges, and perhaps they had lost their first flush of sincerity and acerbity, although dutiful "*Ohs!*" and "*Ahs!*" of simulated surprise were frequent.

In the present state of Parliamentary business anything serves the useful (?) purpose of postponing the introduction of such Government measures as the Bill to de-nationalize the steel industry, and several pleasant hours were spent by the Opposition in that congenial task. Between 1 and 2 A.M. Mr. STRAUSS's motion to annul two Orders (the pretext for all the fuss) was voted down, and our yawning legislators went home around two, having explored every cul-de-sac and left no stone unflung.

Tuesday, April 1

It was, beyond question, One of Those Days—in both Houses.

House of Lords:
Ructions!
House of Commons:
More Ructions!

And when one considers the dignified calm in which the proceedings in the Gilded Chamber are normally conducted, what happened to-day seems the more startling.

The noble Lords were talking about the economic situation—admittedly extremely explosive material. But really! Lord PAKENHAM, usually the most suave and polite of men, made some disparaging remarks about Lord WOOLTON, himself no mean display of tact and good manners, and to Lord W.'s rescue came Lord SWINTON, ever (until to-day) regarded as the very embodiment of polished gentleness.

And before you could say "Frank Pakenham" there they were—Lord P. and Lord S.—roaring at each other across the Table, defying each other to give way, snapping that they were not going to stand for "Oxford Union" interjections, and that they would be laughing on the other sides of their faces before they had finished with

Impressions of Parliamentarians

—
Lord Boyd-Orr



£75 mill. or so he asked for, without so much as a request to fill in a form or to produce evidence of identity.

An hour or two was then spent in a circumlocutory discussion on New Towns. Most of the talk ranged around the stupidity (or otherwise) of "sterilizing" a million tons of coal in order to build New Towns on top of it. And in the end nothing came of it. Apparently we can't burn our coal *and* build on it.

And then, very late at night, there was a peppery debate on the resignation of Mr. Hardie from the Chairmanship of the Steel Board—from which, as someone remarked, nobody got any particular Laurels. It was what the musical profession calls a "*reprise*," for the resignation was debated at length two months ago, when it first occurred. There was, therefore, a familiar ring about many of the

each other. Just exactly, as was commented, as if they were rebel M.P.s at a Party meeting, rather than noble Lords. The handsome dispatch-boxes on the Table came in for a battering such as they had probably never experienced before—and may never again. Lord WOOLTON looked on silently.

It is just possible that it was imagination, but it did *seem* as if some of the statues of Parliamentary giants of the past, which looked down on the scene, shuddered a little. To hear a noble Lord shout to another to "Sit down!" Dear, dear!

The Commons started off politely, with Sir WALDRON SMITHERS as a sort of all-Party butt. A Labour man said he had been infected by Socialism, and a little later Mr. CHURCHILL, of all people, accused him of talking old-fashioned Free Trade Liberalism. To which Sir W. retorted (*in re* the subject of

undiminished controls and regulations) that Mr. C. had promised to "set the people free."

Then Mr. C. warned Mr. SHINWELL against the perils of "a refinement of unreason" on the subject of the N.A.T.O. command—comment that did not noticeably please Mr. S. And so to the business of the day, the Army and Air Force Bill, which went gently until around 2 A.M. when some Labour back-benchers so far forgot their Parliamentary (and other) manners as to attack that fairest of all occupants of a Chair, Mr. RHYS HOPKIN MORRIS, q.c., Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means.

The Deputy Chairman dealt with the ill-mannered Members with icy politeness, ordering (and securing) the withdrawal of some of the more outrageous remarks hurled at him. And, soon afterwards, in a calm atmosphere, the House rose. It was about 3 A.M.

Wednesday, April 2

Before long the Commons was snapping and (almost) snarling to-day, and Mr. HERBERT

House of Commons:
Muffling Along

of the Government's "muffling along"—a word that seemed to intrigue the Members of the Government more than somewhat. A moment later Mr. SHINWELL complained that the Assistant P.M.G. was treating the House with persistent disrespect—apparently because he believed in fair shares for all (Opposition) Members in the matter of stinging repartee. There was also some talk about the Grand National, reflecting a general desire—not only in the House of Commons—that the event should be broadcast. Mr. GAMMANS was sympathetic but, he feared, powerless to intervene in the matter.

And so to a lot more discussion about the Army and Air Force Bill. A lot more.



"Good. That means a replay."



Emiliano Zapata—MARLON BRANDO

AT THE PICTURES

Viva Zapata!—Hoodlum Empire

**I**

GATHER that *Viva Zapata!* (Director: ELLA KAZAN) whitewashes a Mexican revolutionary who was in reality a savage ruffian, one of the very least of whose motives was the desire to restore their appropriated lands to the Morelos Indians. That is presented here as his dominant motive, and he is even made (since JOHN STEINBECK wrote the script) to throw in an occasional philosophical remark about political conscience, the ethics of government, and the like. Well, frankly, I knew nothing about Zapata before, and the thought that he is here shown with an undeserved even though rudimentary halo fails to upset me. I found the film impressive in many ways, but above all visually. These compositions with enormous heads and enormous hats splashed with the harsh light and velvety shadow of the Mexican sun are capable of infinite variety and never seem to lose their power, even though they

Streetcar Named Desire is provided by the adhesive tape and celluloid springs of the make-up department, but in my view he does succeed in implying a complete difference in depth. That dumb-ox striving to understand, that resentment at his lack of education, that gnawing conscience, though they may not have been among the qualities of the real Zapata, help to make a memorable figure of the central character in this simple power-corrupts story. The film also has some immensely effective and well-made passages of suspense (the cumulative menace all along the route followed by the soldiers with their prisoner, and—outstandingly—the wait for the trap to be sprung in the climactic death scene) and oddity (Zapata wooing, conducted entirely in significant proverbs, on a social evening he attends—as a newly-promoted general—festooned with bandoliers). Not a great picture, but well worth seeing.

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are among the staple visual ingredients of all pictures about Mexico. I thought of Mr. STEINBECK's own documentary *The Forgotten Village*, eight years ago; but the tone of the story, I suppose, would have more points of resemblance with EISENSTEIN's twenty-year-old, incomplete *Que Viva Mexico!* which was never seen except in cautiously edited fragments. MARLON BRANDO as Zapata has another brooding, sullen, ferocious figure to portray; it has been suggested that the only difference between this and the brute he played in *A*

It's not surprising that Hollywood should cash in on the staggering publicity ready-made by television for the Senate Crime Investigating Committee in 1950-51. *Hoodlum Empire* (Director: JOSEPH KANE) is about fictional characters, but it shows the working of just such a committee, and several of the personages bear an entertaining resemblance to those involved in the sessions of the real one. Moreover, by the device of using the television broadcasts of it a freshening new twist can be given to what is at bottom a fairly commonplace story of big-city crime: we can see the members of the underworld watching the TV screen and listen to their ribald and abusive comments on the proceedings. Again, the chief gangster concerned, a man Senator Kefauver would no doubt call one of the kingpins of hoodlumdom, is brilliantly acted by LUTHER ADLER. These points, and not the more obvious attempts at variation such as the periodical swimming into flashbacks that recall the war experiences of the people in the story, are what really lift the picture out of the conventional run.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there is an interesting new one, *Five Fingers*, adapted from the book about the spy "Cicero" in Ankara during the war. *Angels One Five* (2/4/52) is in its last days.

At the top of the releases for sheer size is that roaring great circus *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Still more spectacular colour (forest fires) in *Red Skies of Montana* (19/3/52). RICHARD MALLETT



Nicholas Mancani—LUTHER ADLER

AT THE PLAY

The Tempest (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)—*Uncle Vanya* (ARTS)

THE *Tempest* is the opposite of "Coriolanus": it reads better than it plays. The poetry is grand, but nobody could pretend that the story is dramatic, except in the pathetic intimations of near-humanity that torture *Caliban*. Treated abominably (and the Stratford programme adds a gratuitous insult by describing the island as uninhabited), he is of course the play's real hero, and beside him *Prospero* cannot but show up sadly, a petty tyrant with the gift of words. I have always imagined that Shakespeare toyed with the idea of doing fuller justice to *Caliban*—what a drama of frustration that might have been!—and that having changed his mind he decided to make what he could of *Prospero* and the lovers and all the poor bewildered gentlemen trailing one another, so very unsuitably clad, through the undergrowth. In my experience these have never been exciting. When first we saw Mr. MICHAEL BENTHALL's production at Stratford last year I felt, nevertheless, that the story was too swamped by spectacle; but now, seeing the same production with a new cast which seems at every point less

interesting, I must confess I am more grateful for Mr. LOUDON SAINTHILL's extremely skilful service to the eye. Even the waves responsible for one of the least alarming shipwrecks in memory are provided beautifully by the filmy skirts of prone damsels, and this opening note of airy fantasy is steadily sustained until it swells into the solid diapason of a masque suggesting a wedding-cake designed for Ludwig of Bavaria.

Sir RALPH RICHARDSON's long practice in interpreting the conflicts within the ordinary man robe his *Prospero* of the glamour properly attaching to a great occult impresario. It is a "Home at Seven" *Prospero*, a highly polished but always amateur conjurer, a trifle startled by his powers and glad of the comfort of his book of tricks. For an actor potentially as good as Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN the *Caliban* is disappointingly conventional, grotesquely simian with few glimmers of soul. Of the three key positions Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON's *Ariel* gets most effect. It is a very odd, elongated *Ariel*, but it does appear to come from another world, and it has a haunting beauty of voice. Nice, healthy and sensible, Miss

ZENA WALKER's *Miranda* makes us conscious as never before of what an embarrassment *Prospero* must have been as a father; and Mr. RAYMOND WESTWELL's *Gonzalo* stands out a long way from the rest of the beachcombers.

Producing Chekhov is like assembling the most delicate of watches. Even if each of the components is perfect, their working relationship must still be balanced to a hair's breadth. Remembering how often the Moscow Art Theatre got Chekhov wrong, we should be freer with praise than criticism. In Mr. JOHN FERNALD's *Uncle Vanya* we have a gallant approximation. Not strictly reliable, there is nevertheless a sturdy tick, and the name of the maker is always discernible. Credit, surely, for that. Weaknesses: Mr. CYRIL LUCKHAM's *Vanya*, too crushed; Mr. JOHN JUSTIN's *Adrov*, intelligent but too youthfully buoyant. Miss JENNY LAIRD comes nearer the ideal with her *Sonya*, and Miss HELEN SHINGLER is an effective *Elena*. And the sets, by Mr. RONALD BROWN, take us all the way to the samovar country.

Recommended

The Deep Blue Sea (Duchess), in which Peggy Ashcroft excels herself. *The Constant Couple* (Winter Garden), by the author of "The Beaux' Stratagem." *Nightmare Abbey* (Westminster), a good adaptation of Peacock's nimble satire.

ERIC KEOWN

Ariel—MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON*Caliban*—MR. MICHAEL HORDERN
Prospero—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

[The Tempest]

*Uncle Vanya*
Astrov—MR. JOHN JUSTIN

[The Tempest]

BOOKING OFFICE

Around the World

Korean Reporter. René Cutforth. *Allan Wingate*, 13/6
Bears in the Caviar. Charles Thayer. *Michael Joseph*, 15/-
Round and About Spain. A. F. Tschiffely. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 20/-

COMING as an anti-climax after a world war, the Korean struggle has remained for many of us obstinately remote. *Korean Reporter*, a brilliant account of its grim realities, dispels this remoteness and brings home to us the importance of a campaign which has taught the Kremlin that superior numbers of low-grade infantry are not enough to swamp well-trained troops. Mr. René Cutforth became the B.B.C.'s Korean Correspondent in December 1950, and was with the U.N. Army for about eight months, during which he saw it changed from a battered collection of individual units into an efficient fighting machine with a winning spirit. For this transformation he thinks the credit is due largely to General Ridgway, whose ability and candour impressed him immediately, and whose effect on the morale of his polyglot force seems to have been comparable to that of Montgomery on the Eighth Army.

Not that Mr. Cutforth is easily impressed. He is too seasoned a campaigner for woolly enthusiasms, and snap judgments without the facts are not in his line. To him the main tragedy of Korea lay in the plight of the refugees. Their sufferings are his dominant theme, and, after them, the hopeless corruption of the Southern Korean administration and the brutality of its police, the courage of soldiers slogging on in appalling conditions, and—the most ruthless enemy—wind charged with a cold so diabolical that it was almost its own anaesthetic. Mr. Cutforth watched the stand of the Gloucesters, and learned special admiration for the Turks and Australians; he was in the fall of Seoul; and he was also in Tokyo, where, until General Ridgway took over, too many had grown fat. Whereas the Americans, primed with idealism, were severely disillusioned by Korean official knavery, to the British, innocent of ideology, it was all just another war. Politics and strategy were outside Mr. Cutforth's terms of reference. He stuck to his job of reporting the war and investigating the life of its prime victims, the peasants, and the result is first-class—vivid, humorous and always interesting.

Stiff-shirted protocol is refreshingly absent from *Bears in the Caviar*, by Mr. Charles Thayer. He has been described as the Bob Hope of the U.S. Foreign Service, but he is better than that, for his gags are his own. Often they are very good. Moscow, Berlin and Kabul are his scenes, but most of this modest commentary is devoted to Moscow, before the war and during the Government's withdrawal to Kuibyshev. As a natural humorist Mr. Thayer was in his element in coming to a working agreement with such tortuous strongholds of Soviet officialdom as the Heavy-Weight-Lifting

Trust, which had to shift the Embassy safe, in dealing with berserk seals at one of Ambassador Bullitt's more exotic parties, and in teaching the Red Army polo after selling the idea to Budenny by a flagrant abuse of his position as interpreter. The N.K.V.D. must have despaired of this adventurous soul, who asked its minions, passing Mount Ararat, what they would do if Noah were to alight from his ark without a visa. These reminiscences are so amusing that it is a pity nobody seems to have bothered to read the proofs. The leaves in Vallombrosa were nothing to the misprints here.

It is slightly shocking to think of the man who once rode a horse from Buenos Aires to New York descending to a motor-cycle, but *Round and About Spain* justifies an experiment which left Mr. A. F. Tschiffely wonderfully free to do as he pleased. For a planless jaunt of five thousand miles he is the right kind of companion: he loathes grand hotels, is at home in village pubs, finds friends everywhere, and likes third-class carriages. He therefore got inside the Spanish mind, and his descriptions of the country and its ready hospitality make one reach for one's twenty-five pounds.

ERIC KEOWN

Elizabeth Gaskell, Her Life and Work. A. B. Hopkins, John Lehmann, 21/-

One would willingly barter some of Miss Hopkins' able research into the family background of Elizabeth Stevenson—who married William Gaskell, a Manchester minister—for an outline of that nineteenth-century Unitarian culture, so ethically distinguished, that flowered alike in "Cranford" and Roedean. That the



"Kennedy resigned!"

biographer could have brought this lost Atlantis vividly to the surface had she thought it worth while is evident from the skill with which she handles her heroine's literary life, especially her contacts with Dickens and her friendship with George Smith of Smith, Elder (the Dr. John of "Villette") and Ruskin's friend Charles Eliot Norton. It is hard not to sympathize with Dickens in his uphill task of moulding his contributor to the exigencies of serial publication; the letters to Smith are the gayest and those to Norton most interesting for their awareness of the spiritual gulf between England and America. But the gallant and harrowing story of the Brontë biography is Miss Hopkins' high-watermark, as the book itself is Mrs. Gaskell's.

H. P. R.

The Roosevelt Letters. Volume Three, 1928-1945. Edited by Elliott Roosevelt. Harrap, 30/-.

Long before Pearl Harbour Franklin Roosevelt had realized that this country was fighting for American liberty no less than for the right to independent existence in Europe. The third and last, and much the best, volume of his letters, many of them written at sea, is marked by a mounting tempo of action through every successive deterioration of the world situation. Even the fabulous extravagances of western party politics and the varying fortunes of the New Deal make little show by comparison, many tantalizing gaps being due no doubt to painful compulsions of discretion. The letters, however personal in form, are all, with only slight exceptions, essentially state documents. They are slangy, affectionate, cheerful notes from a big man to a great circle of friends, and they convey not only the

opinions but often the definite orders of the head of the American Republic to his principal lieutenants. There is no sign of fatigue as one approaches the end. The letters just stop.

C. C. P.

Doctor in the House. Richard Gordon. *Michael Joseph*, 10/-

Mr. Richard Gordon's *Doctor in the House* declares its merits almost on its opening page: great neatness of phrase and still greater of paraphrase, a rich irreverence and a robust humour without silliness or slapstick. To call it a description of the years of a medical student at the North London hospital of St. Swithin's would mislead; rather it is those years as they might appear when viewed through selective lenses of a special type. Emphasis is on raillery; the veracious is sacrificed to the graphic—with excellent results. In an allegedly factual work on a medical theme refinements of salacity may perhaps pass which in fiction would raise a frown; at any rate Mr. Gordon takes full advantage of this assumption. It is a short book; the hilarity goes on just long enough. The callousness might seem at times almost too resolute—if one believed it; but, of course, one doesn't, and can enjoy contentedly an amusing piece of bravura.

H. B.

SHORTER NOTES

The Duke of Galloboro. Aubrey Menen. *Chatto and Windus*, 12/6. Mr. Menen's best since "The Prevalee of Witches." Graceful, entertaining and neither so profound that it irritates nor so shallow that it bores. Mediterranean sun, waywardly witty talk and ingeniously devised eccentricities. Mr. Menen is not afraid of overt sentimentality; his restraint makes it enjoyable.

Donald Francis Tovey. Mary Grierson. *Oxford University Press*, 21/- Justifiable hero-worship quickens this first biography of "the most learned musician that ever lived," designed round the gentle medium of his letters. Tovey could have started the world had he had a publicity man; instead his immense scholarship was available for twenty-five years to Edinburgh undergraduates and, through his wonderful Essays in Musical Analysis, to us all.

I Thought of Daisy. Edmund Wilson. *W. H. Allen*, 10/- Unsatisfactory but interesting early (1929, though this edition doesn't admit it) novel by the famous American critic. Scene: the Greenwich Village of the nineteen-twenties. Apparently haphazard construction finds room for apparently irrelevant characters, episodes and even pages of literary criticism; and there is a distracting prevalence of exclamation marks.

Quest for the Lost City. Dana and Ginger Lamb. *Gollancz*, 16/- The Eldorado motive is one that never seems to lose its fascination. Dana and Ginger Lamb, enthusiastic young American seekers, followed the gleam partly in a decrepit Ford, partly in a still more decrepit plane, but chiefly on their own hopeful feet. Brigands, subterranean rivers and lost tribes combine to make a travel story well worth the telling and the reading.

Comic and Curious Verse. Collected by J. M. Cohen. *Penguin Books*, 3/6. Long visits to Hood, Prior, Calverley, Carroll; shorter calls on Auden, Ogden Nash. Too many familiar pieces; of the less familiar, too many invite a giggle, not a laugh. James Michie's "Arizona Nature Myth" is a good choice; more, like this, from the borderlands of poetry are needed to get the book off dead centre.

A Guide to Good Wine. Introduction by J. W. Mahoney. *Chambers*, 12/6. The high-flown lyrical note is carefully avoided in this practical survey of the wines of Europe, each chapter of which has been written simply and helpfully by a trade expert. Beginners will learn much from it, and connoisseurs should find its lists and maps useful reminders.



"My mistake, speaking as an ex-cashier of the Metropolitan Bank, lay in not returning to the scene of the crime."

MY FATHER'S WATCH

WHEN I was five years old my father said he would give me his gold half-hunter on my twentieth birthday. He had just received the watch himself as a gift from my Great-uncle Charles, and was feeling particularly well-disposed towards mankind.

"My boy," he said, dangling the watch a hair's breadth above my destructive fingers, "this will be yours when you are twenty years old."

"When will I be twenty years old?" I asked, hoping it would be to-morrow, or even after lunch.

"In fifteen years' time," he replied, "when you are quite grown up and a big man like daddy." This was a disappointment. I knew I should not get it until after to-morrow. As I saw it slipping back into my father's waistcoat pocket I tearfully requested that I should have it now.

"Not now, Tommy," my father said kindly, "presently."

(From that moment until well past the age of fourteen my persistent use of the word "presently" brought me grief and confusion.)

The next day I again asked for the watch. My father told me there was still quite a time to wait. I mustn't get impatient. Daddy was looking after it for me. This, so far from satisfying me, caused me some anxiety. I recalled that some time ago a little friend had taken home a large number of my toys, on the assurance that he was going to look after them for me. The toys had not been returned. I determined to be very vigilant about the watch in my father's care.

The weeks passed by and my interest in the half-hunter did not diminish. On Sunday afternoons after tea I used to sit on my father's knee and listen to it tick. "What's the time by my watch, daddy?" I would ask, and my father, a suspicion of a frown upon his face, invariably replied "Time you were off to bed, young man." When he returned it to his pocket I would



"Where would you like to have the hammock this year, dear?"

say "That's my watch, isn't it, daddy?" My father rarely gave answer.

During the years that followed I kept a close eye on the watch. Occasionally it would disappear for a period, together with the gold chain that stretched across my father's stomach. When I inquired where it had gone I would be told that uncle was minding it. In after years I realized I had been deceived. It was not Great-uncle Charles who was performing this kind office, as I had naturally supposed, but another uncle, who was not related either by blood or marriage. However, at the time I was satisfied with the

explanation. I felt my watch was in good hands.

Each birthday after my sixteenth saw my father growing more and more uneasy. He began to realize how serious were the consequences of his ancient promise. A few months before my twentieth birthday I overheard a conversation between him and my mother. He appeared to be trying to justify the view that promises made to young children have no validity. My mother very sensibly replied that whether or not the watch had been promised to me was irrelevant. Everyone had taken it for granted from the beginning that he was only

the guardian of the watch, not the owner. He was expected to surrender it at the proper time. My father lamented the folly of having allowed this attitude of "taking it for granted" to take root.

"It's curious," he remarked, "how he forgets such things as shutting the door after him, or taking the key with him when he goes out, yet remembers a jesting remark made fifteen years ago."

I found it curious my father should find it curious.

On the morning of my twentieth birthday I rose early and went to see my father. I did not catch him because he had gone out much before his usual time. I waited for him in the evening. He came in late. "Happy birthday," he said, and hurriedly sat down to his evening meal.

I felt the subject could best be broached by a jest. "Well, father, what will it feel like to be without your watch after all these years?" As I expected, my father did not laugh. Instead he put down his knife and fork and looked earnestly at me. "You wouldn't *really* take it from me," he said. I pondered his meaning. I concluded that the only way of acquiring the watch was to take it really. Not to take it really would be to leave it in my father's possession. My silence was sufficient answer.

"Look here," he said. "I'll buy you a wrist-watch, a good one." This tempted me, and I debated whether to accept the substitute. Few young men wore pocket-watches these days. They were not as fashionable as they used to be when I was five. In my father's present mood I could select any kind of watch I desired. But against this lay the expectation of fifteen years. The decision was going to be hard.

My hesitation forced my father to play his last card. "I'll buy you a wrist-watch" he said eagerly. "and

look after this one for you until you are forty. It will be yours, mind you, but I will hold it for you for another twenty years."

I embraced this compromise solution with relief. This was the kind of relationship with which I was familiar. After all, it might have been hard to bear my father's admonitions to take care of the watch he had given me, or wind up the watch he had given me. More unendurable perhaps would have been the endless requests to tell him the time by the watch he had given me.

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WHEN THEY ARE WELL OFF

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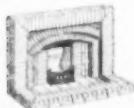
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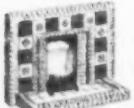
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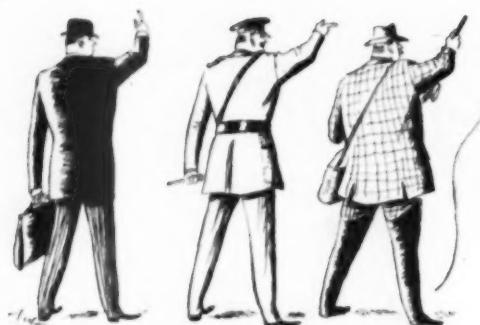
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found that only Braemar underwear keeps him warm when the north wind blows. Their strategic 2-ply reinforcement where it really counts means real comfort and long wear.

Braemar, all hand-finished and shrink resistant, are stocked by better outfitters, in pure wool, at prices from about £4.00 per set. The luxury garments, in pure wool, pure silk, or silk and wool, cost more but are a sound investment in the long run.



Hand-finished underwear for men
INNES, HENDERSON AND COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

THE WEBLEY M. III AIR RIFLE

No license required to purchase
over the counter
Rats and similar
vermin can be destroyed
by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice.
Write for descriptive folder.

WEBLEY & SONS LTD., THE WEBLEY ST., BIRMINGHAM 4



Try

MURRAY'S
MELLOW
MIXTURE
it's different!

Murray's Mellow Mixture is 4½d an ounce
MURRAY, SONS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM 1
Tobaccos have been skillfully blended for over 140 years

Careful spending suggests

DRIWAY WEATHERCOATS

The little more invested in a better quality garment invariably produces a higher dividend of service and satisfaction. You will certainly find this to be true of Driway Weathercoats, which bear the unmistakable signs of true tailoring craftsmanship.

—none finer made



Driway weathercoats and sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country

BATTERSBY LONDON HATS



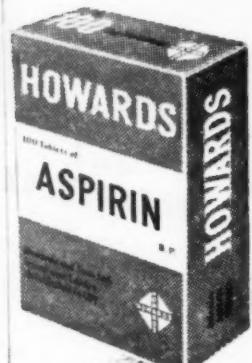
GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2

Obtainable from good Hatters all over the world

CVS.29



Not the cheapest...
but the best



TBW2



En route with the Unicorn

"Lucky creature, to be crossing in an Empress" said the Lion, as he waved goodbye when the Unicorn went to Canada.

Real beds—wide beds. Lovely big lounges. Miles of deck space for games and dancing. And oh, that fabulous Canadian Pacific food!



The Unicorn could almost wish the voyage would never end...
Here he is again — very much at home this time in a Canadian Pacific train.
Brother, he's got something there!
(This is Canada, you know).



He's got a Roomette all his own, with Bigger and Better scenery flashing past all day—and all night, if he can keep awake to watch it. He's got Club Cars, Dining Cars, Observation Cars—and an enormous engine to eat up the miles. He is a lucky creature. But remember you too can travel C.P.R.

Your authorised agent or

Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100).
103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. (Avenue
4707) LONDON and offices throughout
Britain and the Continent.

You can feel the difference — Your car has that 'cushiony' feeling



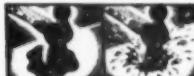
after MARFAK chassis

Lubritection

REGD. TRADE MARK

The only lubricant that you know is on the job — protecting vital chassis parts

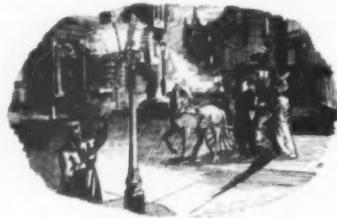
MARFAK is a unique lubricant that is forced into the chassis under high pressure, and it won't squeeze out under the toughest road poundings. Even under extreme conditions it won't drip out, dry up, or wash off. Marfak stays on the job, cushioning against shock and protecting against wear and corrosion. It is far



HAMMER TEST. When hit with a hammer Marfak stays put. It softens the blow and doesn't spatter like ordinary grease. Marfak clings to vital chassis parts — doesn't squeeze out or dry up.



**GET MARFAK
CHASSIS LUBRITECTION
AT YOUR REGENT DEALER**



The Lamplighter

THE application of coal gas to street lighting introduced by Murdoch in 1802 provided an example of turning swords into ploughshares when gun barrels were used as means of conveying the gas.

This is why, even at the present time, tubes are sometimes referred to as 'barrel.'

Steel tubes have been developed since Murdoch's time for far wider purposes than were then envisaged and are now indispensable to modern civilisation.

WELLINGTON
TUBE WORKS LTD

For steel tubes and steel tube fabrication.
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS, GREAT BRIDGE, TIPTON, STAFFS.

Grâce à la publicité
THANKS TO THE DUBONNET
de Dubonnet je parle
ADVERTISEMENTS I SPEAK
français presque aussibien
FRENCH NEARLY AS WELL
que mon petit garçon. Il dit
AS MY SMALL SON. HE SAYS
que je le parle beaucoup
THAT I SPEAK IT MUCH
mieux un grand verre de
BETTER WITH A BIG GLASS OF
Dubonnet à la main.
DUBONNET IN MY HAND.
(Il a des dispositions!)
THE BOY HAS BRAINS!

Dubonnet is the ideal pre-lunch, after-office or all-evening drink. It fills you with the joy of living but never leaves you liverish. Can you wonder that Dubonnet is becoming more and more popular at every drinking hour? All good bars serve Dubonnet now, all good wine merchants stock it. The price is 20/- a large bottle.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: E. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS





CHROMIUM

THET only workable source of the element chromium is chromite, a compound of chromium, iron and oxygen mined in Russia, Africa and Turkey. Chromium is known everywhere as the plating on taps, hardware and motor fittings, but it has other and more important applications. Alloyed with steel, for example, it imparts superior strength and surface hardness, and it is from chromium that stainless steel derives its resistance to corrosion. As well as being the source of chromium, crude chromite ore is used to make heat-resisting firebricks and cements for the construction of furnaces. Chromium derives its name from the Greek "*xρωμα*", meaning colour, because its compounds are almost

always coloured. Known as chrome pigments, some of these—the chromates of lead, zinc and barium for example—are used extensively for colouring paints, linoleum, rubber and ceramics. Chromium sulphate is important in tanning, and potassium dichromate in the dyeing of wool, silk and leather. Other chromium compounds are used in photography and in the manufacture of safety matches.

I.C.I. makes a complete range of chrome pigments for the paint, linoleum and rubber industries, besides employing chromium compounds as catalysts in the manufacture of aviation petrol and methanol, an industrial alcohol.





THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET Telephone POOLE 818

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INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANIES

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BANK INSURANCE TRUST CORP.
LTD
THIRTY CORNHILL
LONDON, E.C.3



It's only fair to warn you ... that the new Sobranie Straight Cut Virginia will make you a confirmed smoker for life. There'll be no turning back — its smooth smoking, its inimitable flavour will captivate you. Here is Sobranie's age-old tradition happily wedded to the Virginia vogue of today.

SOBRANIE
straight cut
virginia



The new Eccles drop-down double bed (patent pending) shuts up to the wall leaving ample seating accommodation. See Catalogue of the "Adventure" and "Alert" MK III

ECCLES (BIRMINGHAM) LTD., 99 Hazelwell Lane, Birmingham 30
Manufacturers of Eccles Factory Trucks

ECCLES
ADVENTURE

Revolutionary in design this magnificent 18 ft. caravan is luxuriously appointed throughout.



BREATHE THE VAPOUR
FOR PROMPT RELIEF

Use the Vapex Inhaler — which contains Vapex in a most convenient form, ideal for daytime. At night put a drop of Vapex on the end of your pillow. For chest colds rub in Vapex Volatol.

Vapex Inhaler 1/-
Vapex Volatol 3/-
of all Chemists

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO LTD,

also ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR VAPEX PASTILLES - 2 -



By appointment
to His Majesty
King George VI
Manufacturers of
Land-Rovers
The Rover Company Ltd.



ROM THE SIMPLE DIGNITY of the modified radiator and lamp treatment to the separate lock-up compartment now provided for the spare wheel, giving an unobstructed floor to the very large boot, the 1952 version of the Rover Seventy-Five reflects a steady advance in the quality of design and finish which has for so many years been the hallmark of a Rover car.



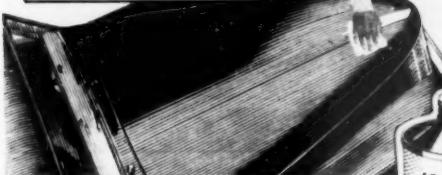
The ROVER Seventy Five

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED • SOLIHULL • BIRMINGHAM ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE • LONDON
CVS-167

NEW SENSATIONAL CAR-WAX DISCOVERY!

in 20 MINUTES the
brightest, toughest
wax polish of all !

POSITIVELY NO RUBBING!



GUARANTEE: Car-Plate is a Wax—only
wax gives lasting shine and protection

Thousands of motorists have proved that Car-Plate gives their cars a genuine wax finish, the brightest shine, the most lasting protection—in 20 minutes! Spread Car-Plate on a clean* car, let dry—then wipe lightly! No rubbing with Car-Plate! Your money back if not completely satisfied. Get a tin today!

5/- from all garages



*The easy way to
prepare the finish of
your car for a Car-
Plate waxing is to
clean it super-clean
with Johnson's
Car蜡.

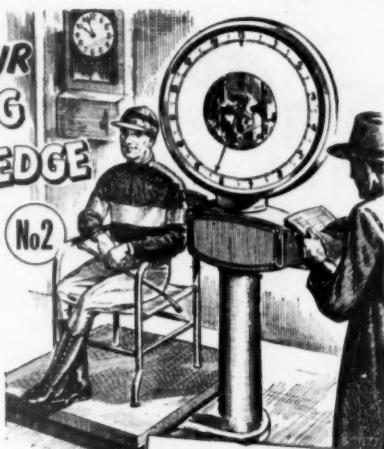
JOHNSON'S CAR-PLATE

SPREAD...LET DRY...WIPE!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JOHNSON'S WAX.

TEST YOUR
RACING
KNOWLEDGE

No. 2



DID YOU GET THEM?
1. Where's your saddle? Jockey?
2. Why is he not permitted to hold
3. The jockey is wrong when weighing out
4. Look at the clock—quarter
time to run a race.

Can you spot the "deliberate mistakes" which the artist has made in this drawing? (To check your answers, turn the advertisement upside down.) It pays you to have expert knowledge of your favourite sport—and it pays, too, to know which firm is the right one to handle your transactions. For integrity, efficiency, courtesy and secrecy, Cope's Confidential Credit Service is ideal.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON
COPE'S
David Cope Ltd., Lodge Circus, E.C.4 The World's Best Known Turf Accountants



Exit HEADACHE *-fast!*

Go on — try a couple. I always carry some since my chemist told me about this 'ANADIN' formula*. It's a fast worker—and the relief lasts longer—without the risk of those unpleasant after-effects I used to get before I changed to 'Anadin'. A couple of 'Anadin' tablets at the first sign of a headache, and it'll be better before you've time to realise you had one! Just as quick and safe in most other pains and discomforts—help yourself!

ANADIN acts fast! . . .

*because the balanced formula blends aspirin with phenacetin —for RAPID relief that lasts longer. And it includes caffeine and quinine, two stimulants which cut out the depressing after-effects so often felt after taking old-fashioned remedies.



Be wise
... buy

Wisdom

OF COURSE . . . Wisdom is the best buy because it's the only toothbrush with this 'correct-shape' handle—it's made to help you get into every crevice, even the hardest to reach. No wonder more dentists favour the Wisdom shape than that of any other toothbrush. Nylon (Round-ended) or Natural Bristle.

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., OF HERTFORD

END body and breath odours quickly, safely, discreetly

Amplex does not merely *disguise* odours, it prevents them ever happening—from within the body. Amplex is Gordon Young activated chlorophyll, which is the life-giving substance found in all green vegetables. It gives complete immunity from all breath and body odours. Already over a million men and women rely on Amplex for that personal freshness that makes all the difference to self confidence and means so much socially.



One Amplex tablet daily for top-to-toe bodily freshness—underarm, scalp, feet, etc. After smoking, or strongly flavoured food and drink, Amplex removes all trace of breath odour within 30 seconds. When life is most exacting, just take another Amplex tablet.

AMPLEX

The world's only Gordon Young u.v. activated CHLOROPHYLL DEODORANT TABLETS

Arbe Laboratories Ltd., Leatherhead

Vial of 30 tablets from all chemists 1/9

For moments like these . . .



... your confidence is complete with "oxygen-clean" dentures

To keep your dentures "oxygen-clean," steep them regularly in a solution of Steradent.

Then they will be, not just superficially clean, but oxygen-cleaned, oxygen-disinfected, and oxygen-deodorised: in every corner and crevice.

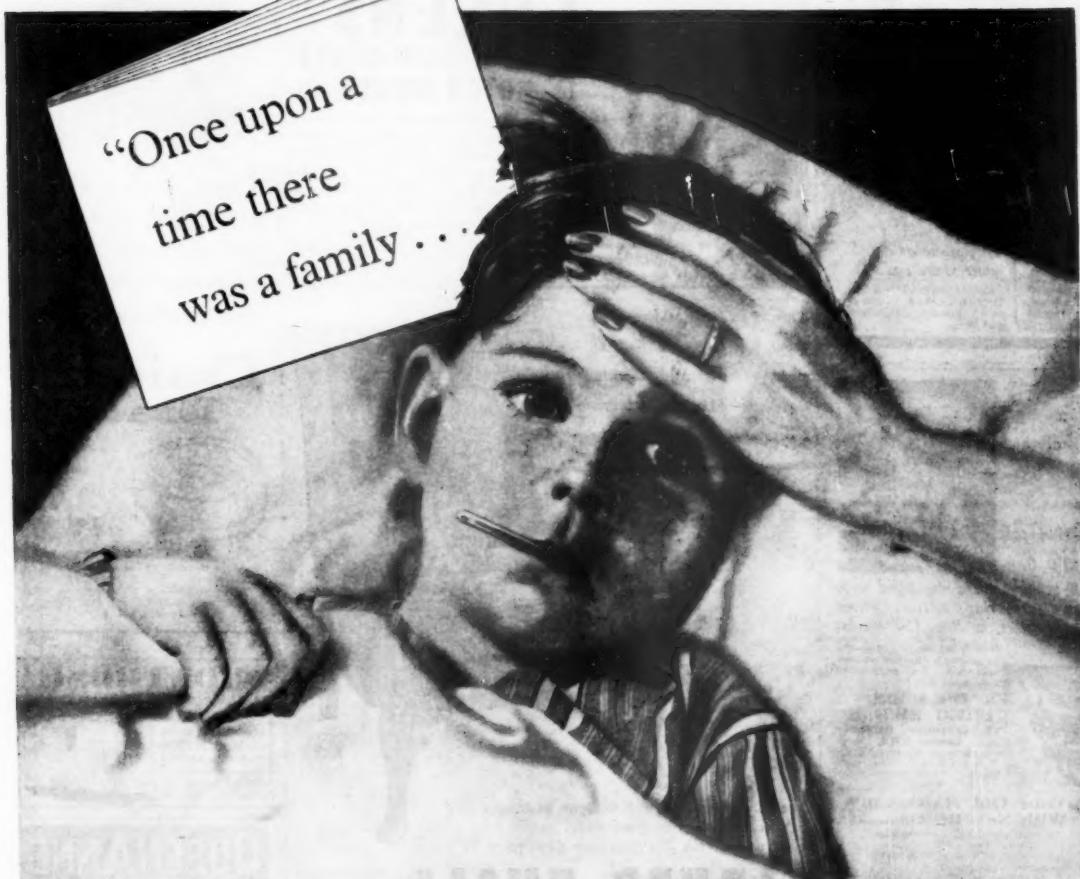
That is why "oxygen-clean" dentures never lose their "new-look" sparkle and are never disfigured by film and stain.

And "oxygen-cleaning" actually costs less



Steradent

1/5d. and 2/6d.



" . . . and one member of the family was a very active little chap. His mother was hardly surprised, therefore, when he came home one day with a cut knee. While carefully bathing and bandaging the wound she reprimanded him in a loving kind of way—after all, she had been just as boisterous at his age. Some days later the boy complained that his knee was still hurting him. She noticed that the skin looked puffy, that the wound had an angry, unhealthy tinge. So she decided to ask the doctor about it. To her horror he diagnosed blood poisoning and in a very short time deadly germs had begun to invade her son's entire bloodstream. No one could accuse her of being a neglectful mother, yet she had forgotten one vital thing—

to make the cut antiseptically safe." At little cost all that worry, anxiety and pain could have been avoided. The price you pay for a bottle of O-syl is so small compared with the protection O-syl gives you. O-syl has been proved by strict hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum which cause common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant — you can use it a hundred and one ways to keep yourself, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Make sure that *your* family story is a happy one. Be wise and O-sylise.



O-syl
REGD.

* * * * * THE HOSPITAL-PROVED ANTISEPTIC * * * * *

Punch, April 9, 1938

Kirbigrips
keep your hair
dance-date smart
All day

KIRBIGRIPTM
AIRCRAFT GRADE HAIR GRIPS

for those engaging tresses

Curved to fit head
snugly. Stronger
spring grips hair
more firmly.

Buy some at
your store today!Made in England by Kirby
Beard & Co. Ltd., Birmingham,
London, Redditch
and Paris.

The Line

Throwing

Pistol which

made this

rescue

possible cost

£43 0. 0.

All Lifeboats are equipped with
this life-saving device, which
can project a line 150 yards.Help to provide this safeguard
by sending a contribution how-
ever small. Your contribution
may save a life.ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
43 Grosvenor Gardens
London, S.W. 1.
The Duke of Montrose, K.T.
C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer;
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C.,
T.D., M.A., Secretary.**Your Old Hairbrush
With New Bristles—**We can rehandle your worn Silver,
Tin or Ebony BRUSHES.
Rewire to all kinds of Silverware.

Send the old brush to us for

T. H. Brooks, Silversmiths
Toilet Brush & Mirror Manufacturer
307 Liverpool Road, London, N.L.
Quotations by return. Est. 40 yrs.**"MELANYL"**
THE MARKING INK
MARKS LINEN
INDELIBLY**BURMA CHEROOTS***Call of the East*

Trial box of 25

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Imported
direct from
the native makers.**GREENS LTD**

Wine & Cigar Merchants

37 & 38 Royal Exchange, London, E.C.3
We invite enquires for our detailed list of
Spring Wines at reasonable prices.

I unzip one large outside pocket and what is here? A big book and "Paris Soir." I unkey ze brass lock and examine inside. Business papers in two foolscap-hitting compartments! It is O.K. I am about to shut him up when... items! What have we? Ze secret compartment full of unlegitimate smuggling? I unzip, but it is... only pyjamas and shaving brush! Here is an idea for ze businessman who trips overnight. En voyage he has books handy outside en conference but his business papers handy inside. It is only when he sleeps that his pyjamas debouch from ze zip cache! Quel genie! Quelle discretion!

ZIP ALORS!
Wise letter lock and fittings of solid brass, a single handle, and
pocket pads in the base for dimpling, this handsome 17" x 11" all-leather case is available in golden tan, brown, or black; selected
hog-grained leather £7. 10. 0, smooth polished hide £9. 9. 0. Post
free in U.K., In U.S.A. \$23.75 and \$27.50 respectively, carriage and in-
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of satisfaction. Immediate dispatch. Obtainable only direct from the makers.

UNICORN LEATHER CO., LTD., (Dept. PHB) Woodhill Works, Bury, Lancs

**"Just no trouble at all"—with****GREENS**
"MASTER" LIGHTWEIGHT
14' MOTOR MOWER

For the lady with a lawn, or the man with no time or energy to spare for mowing, here is the proved "no-trouble" lawn mower. Simplicity itself. Only 2 controls. Instant kick-start. Famous reliable Villiers engine. Will mow a tennis court in half an hour and gets around corners and borders with ease. Serviced by Suppliers.

Complete with extra large Grass Box.

* Ask your Ironmonger, Saddler or Squire for full details.
For larger areas: Greens "MASTER" Motor Mowers, sizes 17'—36'.

THOMAS GREEN & SON LIMITED, LEEDS AND LONDON

There's an old world elegance
about this Parker-Knoll wing
chair, yet the suspension spring-
ing, pioneered by P-K, achieves
a degree of luxurious comfort
that would make the old masters
envious.

P-K 720
PENSHURST
£23. 10. 0
Tax Free



There are seven other P-K designs, each with
a wide choice of covering materials.
Prices range from £10. 10. 0 to £23. 10. 0.

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Write for illustrated leaflet or visit our showrooms

PARKER-KNOLL LTD. THE COURTYARD, FROGMOOR, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS

CVS-57

To get the genuine
article see that the
salesman writes
the name "Parker-
Knoll" on your
receipt.



A pipe mixture of such
quality that tobacco has
nothing better to offer;
it assures the tranquil
enjoyment of a mind content

**Chairman
Tobacco**

4/4
per oz.
In 2 oz.
vacuum
tins and 1
oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium;
Boardman, mild; Recorder, full.
If any difficulty in obtaining write to
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CARAVAN DISTRIBUTORS LTD

Models for
TOURING-HOLIDAYS
LIVING & LETTING
Prices from £20. 10. 0
Write for brochures
STOCKPORT ROAD,
CHEESE, Cheshire

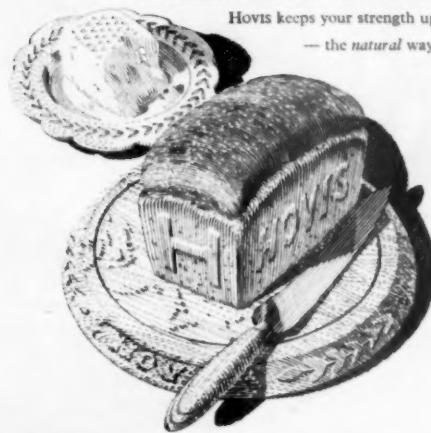
**QUEEN ANNE**
SCOTCH WHISKY

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH
Est. 1793

By Appointment
Wine and Spirit Merchants
To the late King George VI.

How many women know

... that Hovis contains the heart of the wheat? This is the vital reason why Hovis keeps your strength up — the natural way.



**Hovis gives you
THE HEART OF THE WHEAT**

"Nell Gwyn"
Regd.

Marmalade

Famous for fine Quality

AND

FRESH FRUIT JAMS

BY

Crosbie's



Awarded to all Crosbie's products



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

DUFRAIS
Special VINEGARS

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8



Everything
to your
liking, Sir?



Everything! Pin-up girl makes perfect wife!

Don't be silly, I mean the supper.

Oh, the supper. Simply delicious. Just my luck to have a cook in the family!

Just my good management to have a jar of Marmite in the kitchen, you mean!

Hey! You've been reading the

advertisements. This is where you tell me that Marmite is good because it is made from yeast and is an abundant source of the B₁ vitamins.

Right! But don't forget to add that Marmite gives cooking the savoury flavour you're so fond of.

Enough, woman! Three cheers for Marmite and a kiss for me before we face the washing up.



Concentrated extract of yeast, flavoured with vegetables and spices—that's Marmite. Tastes good all ways—does you good anyway.

Marmite

1 oz. 9d., 2 oz. 1/-, 4 oz. 2/-, 8 oz. 4/-, 16 oz. 7/-

SAY "Noilly Prat"

and your 'French' will be perfect!



Because . . . Today, like a hundred and fifty years ago, Noilly Prat Vermouth is still made only in France, from French grapes by master blenders in the traditional French way. Because it is real 'French', the Vermouth that marries so well with gin, that gives subtlety to any cocktail that calls for a 'French' accent.

Remember, too, that Noilly Prat is full strength, that's why it makes an intriguing aperitif on its own, either neat, or with a splash. Try it.

NOILLY PRAT

REAL FRENCH VERMOUTH

IMPORTED BY WM. CHAS. ANDERSON & CO., 8 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

FOR A WELL CUT
LAWN — INVEST
IN A RANSOMES

The joy of a garden is enhanced by the velvety smoothness of its lawn. Beds and borders take on a new beauty when lawns have been cut by a RANSOMES—the Finest of all Mowers



Motor Mowers available with 2-stroke or 4-stroke engines from 17" upwards. Hand models to suit all requirements.

RANSOMES SIMS & JEFFERIES LIMITED • ORWELL WORKS • IPSWICH

Ransomes



By courtesy of the Colony Restaurant, London

**"Like a gin, Madam?"
"Love a CURTIS, Jimmy
—it's smoother!"**

"Here you see a woman with critical tastes, Jimmy," says her partner. "What feminine foibles we men have to put up with."

"Not critical of you, my dear," says she with a smile. "But I can pick a good gin with my eyes closed—and even you must admit Curtis is really smooth."

"Yes, like most men, Curtis matures slowly, but unlike the majority it is always smooth."

"Whatever it is, Curtis suits us. Here's to us." Jimmy, Head Barman in London's Berkeley Square Colony Restaurant, smiles. He knows that all spirits matured in cask become more aristocratic, more mellow—in fact "smoother". That's why you'll find Curtis Gin smoother—much smoother.

Smoother—because it's matured in cask

Curtis Gin

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD". AVAILABLE IN BOTTLES,
HALF BOTTLES, THREE NIP AND SIX NIP FLASKS.



Strong...

Pressure proofed by patented process
and tested at every stage. Only proven
leads go into Venus Drawing Pencils

SMOOTH...

A patented colloidal process removes
all grit and impurities—they must
be smooth

ACCURATE . . .

Accurate through and through—graded
and tested by experts. Venus Drawing
Pencils make the right mark every time

THE PENCIL WITH
THE CRACKLE FINISH
VENUS
Perfect PENCILS

THE VENUS PENCIL CO. LIMITED, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, LONDON, E. 5



"I said
Nine Elms —
PAINT!"

NINE ELMS GENUINE
WHITE LEAD PAINT &
COLOURS

• NINE ELMS WATER PAINT

• CEILINGITE

• FARMILOE'S HARD GLOSS

• NINE ELMS VARNISHES

If you say "paint"—paint it is! If you say "NINE ELMS PAINT" you get the finest Pure Paint Products in the world, made in a century-old tradition of lasting beauty and durability. NINE ELMS is always specified by those who know that the only true economy is Quality.

T. W. Farmiloe's
NINE ELMS
pure paint products

A TRADE MARK AS GOOD AS A BOND
T. & W. Farmiloe Ltd, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1

A holiday of discovery



in FRANCE

To take the fullest advantage of the £25 travel allowance, wander along the unbeaten tracks of France. There is everywhere a wealth of interest and scenic beauty, and the old inn, newly renovated, will greet you with warm welcome and appetising food.

In the picturesque provinces of Poitou and the Périgord, good simple accommodation may be had from £1 per day upwards all inclusive out of season.

The cost of travel is
NOT deducted from
your allowance.

Consult your TRAVEL AGENT or the
FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
179, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Smartness doesn't end with clothes . . .



only ANTLER soft-top
"personal" cases can add that final
touch of elegance. They're light,
so finely finished, sensibly
styled, with lovely linings to enhance
discreet colours. Yet, they're
surprisingly reasonable in price.

ask for

ANTLER

from ANTLER Authorized DEALERS



MOTORISTS—

This Gold Seal on the sidewalls
of the latest Dunlop car tyres
is the symbol of



Greatest Service



- Stronger and more flexible casing for greatest durability and maximum riding comfort.
- Compounds which provide highest resistance to abrasion and wear.
- Patented Dunlop tread with thousands of 'teeth' to bite the road.
- Deep-pattern tread giving non-skid efficiency right to the end.
- Silent running throughout its long life.
- Non-Static properties for improved radio reception.

DUNLOP

The World's Master Tyre